WITH TIMOSHENKO'S ARMY *A Cable by ILYA EHRENBOURG*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY SEPTEMBER 23, 1941

WHO GETS HITLER'S LOOT?

The men behind the Nazis. How they plunder the conquered countries. by G. S. Jackson

JEW-BAITERS ON CAPITOL HILL

By Adam Lapin

PARLIAMENT'S NEXT MOVES

By Claude Cockburn

DISTORTING NEGRO HISTORY

By Herbert Aptheker

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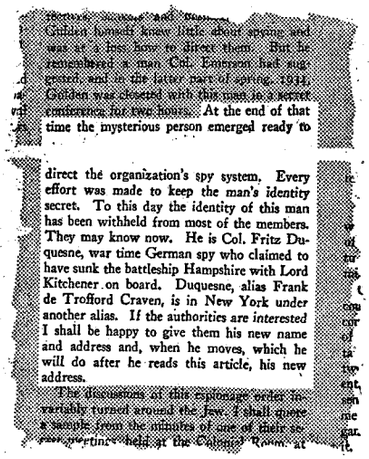
In his famous New Masses series on Nazi plotters in America, John L. Spivak wrote:



direct the organization's spy system. Every effort was made to keep the man's identity secret. To this day the identity of this man has been withheld from most of the members. They may know now. He is Col. Fritz Duquesne, war time German spy who claimed to have sunk the battleship Hampshire with Lord Kitchener on board. Duquesne, alias Frank de Trofford Craven, is in New York under another alias. If the authorities are interested I shall be happy to give them his new name and address and, when he moves, which he will do after he reads this article, his new address.

The discussions of this espionage center invariably turned around the Jew. I shall quote a sample from the minutes of one of their secret meetings held at the Colonial Room at

That was on October 2, 1934. Seven years later the authorities put Fritz Duquesne on trial as a Nazi spy.

Now turn to the back cover for details of Spivak's latest series.

IT STRIKES us as the best human interest story of the week—the one in Thursday's *Daily Worker* about the domestic worker, Liddia Leffler, who sent $1,000—her entire life's savings—to the people of Leningrad. "Please accept this from me now in your hour of need," Miss Leffler wrote members of the Leningrad Trade Unions. ". . . It would burn my conscience to keep it. It would be punishment to me to know that I have something that might help ease your wounds." The donor, who lives in a bit of a room in the "servants' quarters" of an elegant New York apartment, visited Leningrad in 1932 as one of a delegation from the International Workers Order. "Today," she wrote the people of Leningrad, "when the mad beast, Hitler, is attacking you and your beautiful city, trying to take away your land, your freedom, your lives, please accept from me this offering to help bind your wounds now that you may continue your heroic struggle against this hateful monster which I am unable to help tear to pieces with you."

Liddia Leffler epitomizes the spirit of many thousand American citizens. We know this from, among other things, the letters we get, the telephoned inquiries: how can I best help the people of the USSR? Some of the inquirers wish to donate money, others have gifts, a number would like to "do something"—sew or knit, for example. For all three groups there are organizations concerned with these types of aid. The Committee for Medical Aid to Russia is attempting to raise $1,000,000 for the purchase of supplies and surgical instruments. It is headed by Edward C. Carter of New York, secretary general of the Institute of Pacific Relations and disbursements chairman of United China Relief, Inc. Dr. Henry E. Sigerist of Johns Hopkins University is chairman of the medical advisory board, and other founders of the committee include Joseph Barnes, foreign editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and Judge Thomas D. Thacher, former solicitor general. Donations may be sent to the committee at Rm. 1203, 56 West 45th St., New York City.

A few weeks ago we told you a little in these columns about shipments of gifts to the Red Army via World Tourists, Inc., at 1123 Broadway, New York City. We have received word from that organization that the gifts continue to come in and more shipments are being prepared. Fifteen hundred pounds of merchandise, with accompanying letters to the Red soldiers, recently sailed for Vladivostok. Most of the donors were workers, who flock to the gift headquarters during lunch hour and after work with their packages. Money is not accepted. Gifts most needed at present are sweaters, socks, underwear, and other items to be used during the winter campaign. Incidentally, the organization has arranged with a tobacco company for the purchase of cigarettes in bulk at a much cheaper rate—so that those who wish to send cigarettes should bring or send the money to World Tourists. Other useful gifts are chocolates, razors, toothbrushes and powder, watches, pipes, towels, coffee, canned goods, fur coats, and binoculars.

As for knitting—we see some of it around the NM office, and hear yarns about homework in wool, but if you like to do such things collectively there are knitting circles being organized by the International Workers Order. Rosemary Muenich, IWO national organizer, says that "hundreds of circles throughout the country" are to be formed and the IWO is "ready to supply wool in thousands of pounds." Knitting bees are a weekly affair in many communities, initiated by the local women's clubs or other groups, with the resulting scarves, sweaters, helmets, etc., flowing to both Britain and the USSR.

NM will present a first American performance of the Prokofieff Sixth Piano Sonata at this magazine's All-Soviet Music Festival, to take place Sunday afternoon, October 12. The pianist will be Vivian Rifkin of concert fame. Stefan Kazekavich, leading baritone of the San Carlo Opera Company, will sing favorite songs of the Red Army and Na[illegible]well as Soviet work songs. A [illegible]mentalists, to be announced, [illegible]ent a musical cross-section o[illegible] nationalities. Soviet chamber music will be performed by a quartet. Further information about the Festival will be found on page 29.

Who's Who

G. S. JACKSON is a research worker and a student of European economic developments. Her last article in NM ("Germany's Real Rulers," February 11) created widespread interest. . . . Herbert Aptheker is the author of *The Negro in the Civil War, Negro Slave Revolts in the United States, The Negro in the American Revolution,* and *The Negro in the Abolitionist Movement.* . . . Adam Lapin is NM's Washington correspondent. . . . Ilya Ehrenbourg is a famous Soviet journalist. . . . Claude Cockburn was formerly editor of the internationally known newsletter *The Week,* and Washington correspondent for the London *Times.* . . . Theodore Draper was formerly a foreign editor and foreign correspondent for NM.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XL SEPTEMBER 23 NUMBER 13

WHO GETS HITLER'S LOOT?

G. S. Jackson tells what happened to the industries in the conquered countries. How the Nazis plunder a continent for the men who put them in power.

THE path of Hitler's rise to power is strewn with broken promises, but one of his pledges he has kept. That is his promise to the German industrialists to do everything possible to further the aggrandizement of the great German monopoly capitalists.

In another article (NEW MASSES, February 11) I have shown that the big trust magnates are very much in the saddle in Germany and that their power and profits have been increased by the Nazi regime. Here I shall consider the further fattening of German monopolies through Hitler's aggressions against other countries.

When the Nazi government came to power, it was faced with the problem of (1) obtaining raw materials—iron ore for steel, oil for lubrication and fuel, as well as important minor metals; (2) getting foreign exchange to buy materials that could not immediately be taken by force; and (3) expanding markets. Both Hitler's internal and external programs were based on the revival of heavy industry through the manufacture of armaments, which in turn were to provide the means of waging war.

In the realm of raw materials, the most pressing need was for iron ore: "The whole economic system of Germany is primarily organized for the metallurgical utilization of coal for the production of steel. . . . But without iron ore, without steel smelting, German coal is a helpless giant." (Ernst Henri, *Hitler over Europe,* 1934, page 111.)

Up to the time of the first world war, ninety percent of German-produced iron ore came from the Lorraine region (seized from France after the Franco-Prussian War). In 1913 the minette iron ore field situated in Germany (Lorraine), France, and Luxembourg—an area of 463 square miles, or one-quarter the size of Long Island—produced 48,000,000 tons of iron ore per year. Of this quantity, Germany mined 21,000,000 tons, France 20,000,000, and Luxembourg 7,000,000. (Minette, which is found chiefly in those regions, is particularly adapted to the Bessemer process of steel making.) But even then Germany was forced to import 14,000,000 tons annually, so that in the last world war one of the main objectives of the Ruhr industrialists, Thyssen, Voegler, Stinnes, Krupp, etc., was to obtain control over the entire minette field.

The French victory, however, enabled the French steelmasters, De Wendel, Laurent and Schneider, etc., to get back the Lorraine area. If it had not been for English intervention on the side of Germany in 1923 (during the invasion of the Ruhr by French and Belgian troops), the Comite des Forges, French steel association, would have secured the German coke and coal supplies of Westphalia in the Ruhr as well. Having failed to ruin the German iron and steel industry by getting its coal along with its iron ore, the French magnates set to work to create a cartel of the remaining iron ore producers of the world, so that German industry would have to pay too dearly for its ore to make steel production profitable. At the same time the French strove to free themselves of dependence on German coke (which was exchanged for French iron ore) by developing the coal districts of the Nord and Loire in France, and by financial participation in Belgian and Dutch coalfields, as well as those of Upper Silesia in Poland.

HITLER'S EFFORTS to foil the French industrialists and secure iron ore for the German steel industry became a major objective of his foreign and domestic policy. Long before the uprising in Spain, Hitler had been in contact with Gil Robles, monarchist minister of justice, and had secured the promise of extensive mining rights in Spain for German interests. In 1934 M. G. Dubnikoff of Metallgesellschaft AG of Germany was sent to Spain to represent his firm, as well as those of Krupp and I.G. Farbenindustrie, Germany's Du Pont. The choice of a Metallgesellschaft man was an interesting one, for it appears that the wily German politicians and industrialists were trying to allay any British fears for their investments in Spain. Metallgesellschaft has close ties with the British firm Amalgamated Metal Corp., Ltd. (agent for International Nickel), and the two firms participate jointly in the Rio Tinto copper mines of Spain. On the board of the German company sit Walter Gardner and Capt. Oliver Lyttleton of Amalgamated Metal. Lyttelton, member of the famous Guest family, is high in British ruling circles and is now special minister to the Near East. It has been suggested that the British members of the German firm were given to understand that German intervention in Spain would not harm English interests and would perhaps even benefit them, removing the threat of nationalization by a Popular Front government and also eliminating French and Belgian participation.

During the war of intervention German capitalists, assisted by the political and military activity of their government, obtained many new concessions in Spain: among these are the German-Spanish firm Hisnia, Ltd., which was set up to exploit the Moroccan mines, whose iron ore was shipped to Germany in return for armaments.

But in spite of shipments from Spain and new contracts with Sweden and Newfoundland, the problem of iron ore supplies became more acute in 1937. During the early months of the year there had been a great advance in price. The Nazi government feared still greater rises and was also afraid that the French Popular Front government would shut off exports from Lorraine (which had been done for a short period after the Nazi militarization of the Rhineland). It determined to utilize the abundant supplies of low grade ore in the Salzgitter region of Germany. But even with substantial subsidies offered by the government, German industrialists refused to enter the field. So, in order to ensure the continuous flow of iron ore to the blast furnaces and steel plants of Vereinigte Stahlwerke (German Steel Trust) and other concerns, Hitler created a government enterprise to exploit these fields—the Hermann Goering Werke. Government ownership of the enterprise merely meant that the capital could be raised by taxation, and therefore that the poor helped pay for the further enrichment of the wealthy. A US government Bureau of Mines publication of 1939, "The Iron and Steel Industry of Europe," states that: "The formation of this government-financed company was considered indispensable, as no private enterprise would risk such large investments in an undertaking of this type." But to whom was it "considered indispensable"? Certainly not to the working man—for the steel was not to be used for new housing, or even for the "people's auto" he had been promised—and incidentally has never got. The creation of the Goering Works was only "indispensable" to the industrialists, Krupp, Wolff, Flick, Voegler, etc., who were building a war machine to conquer the world for themselves.

By 1939 the German capitalists, with the aid of Hitler's political and military terrorization of the people, had not only increased production of iron ore at home, but had secured favorable long-term contracts with foreign firms, and had also acquired large mining grants in Spain, and in the Bergslagen district of Central Sweden (in spite of the fact that Swedish law forbade foreign ownership). At this time the German industrialists

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were taking seventy-five percent of the production of Trafik—A.B. Graengesberg—Oxeloesund, the company which owns the principal mines of Sweden. But even this was not enough. Hitler's well advertised anger against the Poles for their "torture" of "innocent" Germans in the days immediately preceding the outbreak of this war manifested itself in the seizure of capitalist booty. *Iron Age,* journal of the US iron and steel producers, writes in its Sept. 21, 1939, issue: "In the first three days of the war, German troops had taken possession of the East Silesian and Teschen coal, iron, steel, zinc and lead production, including all Polish iron mines." The iron ore output of Poland was estimated at 1.6 million tons a year.

AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED during a war period, information on the exact distribution of the spoils is vague—due both to war censorship and to the fact that in many cases, permanent arrangements have not yet been made. And the commercial newspapers of our own country, with their attitude of considering Germany a non-capitalist state, have emphasized chiefly the acquisitions of the "state-owned" Hermann Goering Works. The following is a partial list of some of the redistributions of heavy industry that have taken place thus far:

1. Skoda Arms factory—bought by Krupp in 1938-39. Largest in Central Europe.
2. Reshitz Iron Works of Rumania ($7,000,000 capital).
3. Fabrica de Locomotive (N. Malaxa) (capital, $2.8 million) of Rumania.
4. Copsha Lica Cutir arms factory of Rumania. (These last three were acquired by Goering Works.)
5. Konninglijke Nederlandische Hoogovens; steel concern in Holland, acquired by Vereinigte Stahlwerke.
6. Bor Copper Mines of Yugoslavia; shares being sold to Germans.
7. Prague Iron Co., Poldi Steel Works, Witkowitz Mine Steel and Iron Works at Trince—all now controlled by German interest.
8. Dunderland iron ore mines of Norway, confiscated by Goering Works.
9. Coal mines of Saar and Moselle in France—new owners unknown.

But the juciest plum in the pie is the minette iron ore field of Luxembourg and France. The Comite des Forges and the German Steel Trust have long participated together in the Luxembourg mines, so that it is likely that the main redistributions are being made in the Lorraine basin of occupied France. According to the New York *Times* of July 12 and other sources, these properties are not going to the Goering Works, but to the "leading German iron and steel concerns." This means Krupp, Vereinigte Stahlwerke (representing Flick, Voegler, Wolff, Hugenberg, Goetz, von Siemens, Poensgen, and others, most of whom have their own iron and steel empires), and the new company, Eisen- und Huettenwerke, Koeln AG., fourth largest in Germany.

The creation of this new concern which, says *Iron Age* (Sept. 26, 1940), is "known to be particularly interested in the reorganization of the Lorraine mines" and is already in possession of Saar mine interests, has considerable significance. By rights the new owner of the Lorraine mines and metallurgical plants —if any individual outside of the Steel Trust and Krupp—should have been Thyssen, since it was Thyssen who lost most heavily in the Lorraine after the last war. But the Eisenwerke Koeln is not a Thyssen firm; it is an amalgamation of Otto Wolff firms, and Otto Wolff is the leader of the capitalist clique which has always opposed the Thyssen circle, and which had, as a matter of fact, supported Bruenning and not Hitler. The fact that Thyssen is on the "outs" with Hitler (or was up to June 22), and that his rival, Wolff, is getting the minette iron ore, is proof that Hitler's support does not rest with any individual capitalist alone, but with the main group of monopoly capitalists, numbering perhaps forty to sixty men. So long as Hitler acts in the interests of the group as a whole, and *so long as he is successful,* any individual opposition will be eliminated.

WOLFF'S CLAIM to a share of the French iron ore probably stems from the fact that his political position was a useful one at the time of the fall of France. In the past he had favored cooperating with the French industrialists (this was before Germany was armed, of course) rather than fighting them to a finish as the Thyssen group preferred. The aims of the two groups were the same—hegemony for themselves—but their methods differed. When France collapsed, it was Wolff (or a member of his clique) whom the Nazis could thrust forward as a "moderate," a man who could be "trusted" by the French capitalists. Thus a bargain was struck: the Nazis were to leave the French industrialists a small portion of their wealth in return for assistance in maintaining an "independent French" government. But the German industrialists were to take the major share of the French capitalists' wealth in return for the German army's aid in suppressing the French people. For this and other considerations, Wolff will get a lion's share of the Lorraine spoils.

While the Lorraine properties have been confiscated without payment (the French didn't compensate the Germans in 1919, either), other properties and interests in France are being acquired by "legal" capitalist methods. One of these methods is the creation of new French firms, jointly owned by Franco-German interests. Such was the case with Etablissement Kuhlmann, the French chemical trust, and I.G. Farbenindustrie. Through joint ownership with Kuhlmann of a French firm, I.G. now has access for the first time to French markets. A similar setup has been arranged for the rayon interests of the two countries. Besides this, German big business is buying blocks of forty-five to forty-nine percent of the stocks of leading French banks and of Havas-Publicity, the near-monopoly advertising agency, as well as in French possessions outside of France—for example, the Bor copper mines of Yugoslavia, second largest copper producer on the continent. The money to pay for these purchases comes from the pockets of the French people—from the occupation costs, which now amount to 300,000,000 francs per day ($6,000,000 a day, or more than $2,000,000,000 a year, reduced in August from $8,000,000 a day!).

Along with the tremendous new taxes that must be levied on the French people to pay for German imperialist conquests, the French are suffering great unemployment. Since iron and coal from occupied France—the center of French heavy industry—are now going exclusively to Germany, the remaining plants in unoccupied France are forced to shut down for lack of raw materials. Mass unemployment among French workers is estimated at 800,000 in Paris alone. Besides this, many skilled workers and technicians are either imprisoned in German concentration camps or used in forced labor battalions in the Reich, creating an artificial scarcity of skilled labor in unoccupied France and closing down still more plants.

Hitler has had more trouble keeping his promise to the German industrialists in the sphere of oil than in any other. In spite of large government subsidies for the manufacture of synthetic oil, German production in 1939 was only 3,000,000 tons out of a total consumption of 7,000,000 tons—and this was before any large scale military activity. Since the war started, two new companies (Beskiden Erdoel-Gewinnungsgesellschaft m.b.H. and Beskiden Erdoel-Verarbeitungsgesellschaft m.b.H.) have been set up under the ægis of the Deutsche Bank in the Jasslo region of Poland. However, this region produced only 135,000 tons a year in 1938.

Before taking over Rumania completely, Nazi interests had bought the independent "Petrol Block" S.A. Romana, ownership of which gave them control of another small independent, IRDP (Industria Romana de Petrol). In the spring of 1940 they received a fifty percent interest in Socop, a subsidiary of Creditul Minier, the largest independent Rumanian company. At this time, however, Germany controlled altogether only eight companies having five percent of the total Rumanian oil production, which compared unfavorably with the thirty-one percent German control before the first world war.

AFTER CONQUERING FRANCE, Hitler was in a better position to devote himself and his menacing army to the oil problem. Late in June 1940, the Nazi government ordered the Rumanian government to appoint a "controller" for the Royal Dutch Shell subsidiary, Astra Romana, and in September, a controller was appointed for the Phoenix (Unirea) Oil and Transport Co., a large British firm owned by the Rand diamond mine interests. The disposition of the two other largest Rumanian oil companies, Steaua Romana (whose English capital is owned by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., Ltd.) and Concordia, a Franco-Belgian

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concern, has not been made public. It is probable, however, that the Germans have taken over the French and Belgian shares, and in the case of Steaua Romana are merely waiting for the "successful" conclusion of the war with England in order to get the remaining stock "legally." Naturally, whether completely confiscated or simply "controlled," all oil from the Rumanian wells is going to Germany—and this undoubtedly includes Standard of New Jersey's subsidiary, Romano-Americana. According to *Izvestia,* Germany calculated on obtaining 4,000,000 tons of oil in 1941 from the Rumanian fields and 4,000,000 more tons from home production. But in the Soviet Union alone, Nazi Germany's war machine is consuming oil at the rate of 4.8 million tons a year. And all the while Soviet raids on the Rumanian oilfields are inflicting terrific damage, and from the West the RAF continues to bomb the synthetic oil plants. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the shortage of oil may prove to be the Achilles heel of German military power.

Looking forward to a decrease in supplies, the Nazis sent their agent Dr. Kurt Rieth to the United States last winter to negotiate for American oil properties. Both Standard of New Jersey and Socony Vacuum were approached, and the former was offered £5,000,000 for its Hungarian properties, owned through the European Gas and Electric Co.

The Lispe oilfields of Hungary have recently been found to have a considerable supply of oil, and the Nazis themselves have been getting concessions granted them by the Hungarian Parliament. In February the Wintershall Potash Co. of Germany received a large oil drilling concession in Hungary.

Coincident with the uprising in Iraq last spring, the Nazi government announced the formation of the Kontinentale Oel AG, a company with a capital of 80,000,000 RM. The company's purpose, according to the New York *Times* of April 1, was to "restore to the German oil industry the position it was forced to abandon in 1918." This position, it may be mentioned, included the thirty-one percent interest in Rumanian oil, and a twenty-five percent interest in the Mosul oilfields of Iraq (through the Turkish Petroleum Co., now the Iraq Petroleum Co.). Already the Kontinentale Oel Co. is taking over the management of the Rumanian oilfields, and is acting as holding company for the sequestered shares of British and Dutch companies. The reestablishment of British control of Iraq prevented German technicians from taking over the Iraqi fields for Kontinentale Oel. They might have given their action the usual capitalist "legality" by confiscation of the 23.75 percent interest in the Basrah Petroleum Cie. and Iraq Petroleum Co., belonging to the Cie. Française des Petroles. Similar German moves in Iran—whose oil is entirely controlled by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., and which produces nearly three times as much oil as Iraq—have been forestalled by the joint action of British and Soviet troops.

The progress of the German economy toward a "war-state-monopoly-capitalism" is nowhere better illustrated than in the creation of Kontinentale Oel AG. It will be a gigantic trust which will have complete monopoly over oil production, transportation, and distribution, and will control the setting up of new firms, as well as German participation in foreign firms. The authority to decide who shall and shall not engage in the oil business gives Kontinentale Oel a power which no American trust has. Its board of directors will consist of government officials, representatives of the oil producers, and distributors of both natural and synthetic oils. The government representatives will be Chairman Walther Funk of the Reichsbank, Major Gen. Georg Thomas of the War Ministry, Dr. Krauch, listed as a "petroleum expert"—who also happens to be on the board of I.G. Farbenindustrie, largest producer of synthetic gasoline—and Dr. Fischboeck, financial adviser to the German government in Holland. The last named, according to *Petroleum Times* of May 3, 1941, was expected to round up any shares of Royal Dutch that were still floating around occupied Holland.

A REPORT from Berlin in the New York *Times* of April 1 says that the new firm will be "led by the German government through the Reichsbank." Three days later a dispatch from Vichy in the *Times* declared that the new company is to be "under the direction of the Deutsche Bank." These statements are not contradictory but complementary—they indicate the closest intimacy between the Nazi State Bank and the largest privately owned bank in continental Europe. For the Reichsbank is run by the same people who run the Deutsche Bank—the representatives of big business who sit on its board: the Siemens electrical companies, AEG (German General Electric) Vereinigte Stahlwerke, Vereinigte Glanzstoff (Germany's largest rayon company), I.G. Farbenindustrie, Krupp, and the Dresdner and Deutsche Banks. The most influential single unit on the Reichsbank board is the Deutsche Bank with six representatives (compared to the Steel Trust's four).

Before the last war the Deutsche Bank controlled the greater part of German oil interests in Rumania and Mesopotamia (now Iraq) through its satellite, the Deutsche Petroleum AG. The most recent available lists of directors show that the chairman and two vice chairmen of the Deutsche Petroleum AG are on the board of the Deutsche Bank; and the Deutsche Bank director, Gunther Quandt, is vice chairman of the Wintershall Potash Co., which recently secured Hungarian oil concessions. The marriage of big business and the Nazi state is quite literally exemplified in the person of Quandt, banker and industrialist, whose ex-wife (with whom he is on good terms) is married to Goebbels and is said to manage Hitler's personal fortune for him.

German military penetration into Europe has favored not only industry but the banks. According to the leading German banking magazine, *Bank Archiv:* "E[illegible]anks with a German majority interest [illegible]anks with a minority participation, six branches, and three agencies represent thus far the result of the expansion of German banking business." And which banks have followed the army into conquered Europe? Just any old bank? Indeed no. It is the two greatest banks, belonging to the most powerful capitalists, which have made the largest gains. Continues the *Bank Archiv:* "The Deutsche Bank and the Dresdener Bank are represented in some form or another in almost all the countries in which German banks have so far succeeded in gaining a foothold." The banking magazine also announced that the Deutsche Bank had obtained a ninety percent interest in the well known Banka Commerciale Romana of Bucharest, whose capital of 300,000,000 lei had previously been controlled by Franco-Belgian financial groups. It is quite plain in whose interests Hitler rules, and for whose welfare he is attempting to conquer the world.

Similarly Hitler's policy in regard to foreign markets and foreign exchange has always benefited the big industrialist at the expense of the small businessman and the working class. Thus, while shoemakers have been unable to get leather, clothing manufacturers to get wool and cloth, builders to get lumber, etc., the armament makers and machinery manufacturers have expanded both their home and foreign markets. At the beginning of 1938 Dr. Max Ilgner, prominent businessman and director of I. G. Farbenindustrie, stated in a lecture *inside Germany,* that "one-third of the German export business is in the hands of only twenty firms." And while imports of consumer goods decreased, imports of raw materials for heavy industry increased, and exports of finished products increased as well.

But the gains the Nazis have secured abroad for the German capitalists cannot be entirely measured in terms of markets and properties. There are the intangibles for which rival imperialists struggle: most-favored-nation clauses, in which a weaker nation is forced to grant trade privileges to a stronger one; the complete subordination or absorption of rival imperialists, as on the Continent today, so that German goods bring higher prices and thus afford greater profits; favorable tariff rates in canals and railroads belonging to non-German states, as well as advantageous customs privileges and lucrative posts for German nationals in the administration of non-German state banks, government railways, etc. And at the present time, German industrialists also have access to slave labor from all of conquered Europe who are paid even less than the German working class.

Hitler is now attempting to fulfill the greatest promise of all to German monopolists—to seize the raw materials, agriculture, and industry of the USSR, and destroy its socialist system that is the very antithesis of his. But between the idea and the reality, between the conception and the creation, stand the Red Army and the aroused peoples of the world.

G. S. JACKSON.

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WHEELER'S FOUR-STAR SHOW: ANTI-SEMITISM

The Senate appeasers in a super-colossal Jew-baiting performance. Nye talks about "his best friends. . . ." Adam Lapin reports on the aims of the movie industry investigation.

Washington.

IN THE spring of 1939 there was a private showing of Warner Brothers' *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* in a Washington hotel for the benefit of a number of senators and congressmen. The sponsor of the showing was Sen. Gerald P. Nye, who was trying to interest his colleagues in a bill he had introduced to curb the shenanigans of uniformed groups such as the Nazi German-American Bund. He thought the picture would demonstrate the necessity for the measure. It was the same Senator Nye who told a Senate Interstate Commerce Subcommittee, a few days ago that Warner Brothers was one of the most active producers of "war propaganda" films, and that *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* was an outstanding example of what he objected to in the movies.

There is no attempt here to build up a great anti-fascist past for Senator Nye. As long ago as 1937 he issued a violent blast against the Labor Board during the then unsuccessful drive of the SWOC to organize Little Steel. It was later discovered that Nye's release had been put out by Sam Jones, habitue of the Press Club bar, who on the side was doing publicity work for Republic Steel. Even during the heyday of the munitions investigation, Nye was no ball of fire. Members of the committee staff who never got any publicity did most of the work. But at one time he used to get fairly indignant because American munitions makers helped Hitler build Nazi armed strength. And he apparently did think a couple of years ago that there was a danger of Nazi activity in this country which ought to be checked.

THE SOFT VOICE of Nye's liberalism has been growing fainter for a long time. Now the shrill overtones of a new philosophy have replaced a creed which he never held too tenaciously. In his notorious St. Louis speech last month on the movie industry and in his testimony before the Senate committee, Nye sounded the familiar Nazi refrain, the attack against the Jews and the foreigners as the source of all evil. Nye was a little too direct in St. Louis, and the criticism of his speech was too sharp. So he found it necessary to tell the appeaser-controlled investigating committee that some of his best friends were Jews, that some Jews were pretty nice people, and that some day he would fight against the violent wave of anti-Semitism which the Jews were bringing on themselves. But the Nazi seed was there for those who would sow it far and wide. All the pious declarations of tolerance by Nye and by his colleague, Senator Clark of Missouri, in introducing the resolution to investigate the movie industry, could not conceal it. Nye told the committee that if he "had it to do over and were I determined to name those primarily responsible for propaganda in the moving picture field, I would in the light of what I have since learned, confine myself to four names, each that of one of the Jewish faith, each one foreign born."

SOME MONTHS AGO an obscure and not-too-bright Republican isolationist, Sen. Rufus C. Holman of Oregon, praised Hitler for freeing the German people from wicked international bankers whom he plainly identified as Jews. Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, the brains of the Senate appeasement bloc, has also developed quite a flair for enumerating international bankers with Jewish names and forgetting to mention financiers of "Nordic" ancestry. Now it is becoming apparent that the anti-Semitism of the appeasement group is no longer a sporadic phenomenon. Anti-Semitism has become the very spearhead of a drive to whip up opposition to the administration's foreign policy.

Hughes

This was evident not only in the movie investigation, but also in the Des Moines speech by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh openly attacking the Jews. The appeasers have now come out in the open on the anti-Semitic issue. The fascist character of their movement is more clearly defined than ever before, on the anti-Semitic issue. The movie investigation is obviously the principal forum from which they intend to further their anti-Semitic campaign.

The broad outlines of the campaign are plain enough. Nye's testimony, for example, boiled down to something like this: The Jews control the movies, and the Jews are war-minded because of their deep personal involvement in issues abroad which are no concern of the American people. Real Americans cannot be expected to feel as deeply about the Nazi peril as the Jews with their roots in the persecutions and hates of Europe. Jewish control has meant distorted, warmongering movies. The Jews and foreigners have put out movies which instil hatred of Nazism and ignore the terrible deeds of the godless Bolsheviks in Russia. Monopoly has, of course, also been dragged in as a red herring by all the witnesses who have testified so far. The important thing to keep in mind is that the attack on monopoly has been on racial and national rather than economic grounds. The movie monopoly has been depicted as primarily a Jewish monopoly with no mention of the non-Jewish Wall Street control.

IT SHOULD BE RECALLED, incidentally, that Senator Wheeler's stooges on the Interstate Commerce Committee were not the first congressional body to discover the Jewish peril in Hollywood. This dubious distinction must go to the Dies committee. Back in the summer of 1938, Edward F. Sullivan, the fink, anti-Semite, and convicted criminal, who was then the committee's chief investigator, reported pernicious and wide-spread anti-Nazi activity by Hollywood Jews. Dies, who told in an article in *Liberty* magazine of his own thwarted desires to produce a movie about what he calls subversive activities, has himself returned to the attack on several occasions. There was more than a touch of anti-Semitism in these forays. While Dies is at the moment laying off the movies, he is raising the Communist scare against the administration's program at the same time that the Senate appeasers are conjuring up the Jewish bogey. Dies' drive against Leon Henderson's Office of Price Administration is obvious sabotage supported by a substantial number of southern congressmen and senators. It is sabotage of the administration-sponsored price-control legislation designed to keep the inflationary spiral in check. The Texas congressman's eruptions

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usually have had little basis in fact. This is exceptionally true of the most recent volcano of words. For example, Dies charged that "Mr. Henderson himself assaulted a local news photographer when that representative tried to take pictures at a reception which the price administrator was giving for a nationally prominent Communist who was associated with him in the work of the Spanish relief organization." This "Communist" leader was not Earl Browder, or Robert Minor, or William Z. Foster. It was Dorothy Parker, the author of light verse.

DIES IS LEADING a flank attack, but the central assault on administration foreign policy is being conducted by the appeaser group running the movie investigation in the big, marble-lined Senate caucus room. The nation's leading appeasers are the real force behind the hearings. And there is much more than just the future of Hollywood films involved. The America First Committee was actively interested in the investigation from the start. It showed its hand openly when John T. Flynn, chairman of the New York America First organization, was called as a witness during the first week of hearings. The similarity between Flynn's testimony and that of Senator Clark was so striking that Wendell Willkie wondered publicly whether Flynn had written both statements. The big three of the Senate appeasement bloc, Wheeler, Nye, and Clark, planned the strategy and pulled the strings.

They put lesser appeasers in immediate charge of the investigation. But they made sure to pick men whom they could trust and control: D. Worth Clark of Idaho, as chairman, Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire, C. Wayland Brooks, senator for the Chicago *Tribune* and incidentally for Illinois, and Homer T. Bone of Washington. As the one administration supporter, they selected Ernest W. McFarland of Arizona whom they considered a weak sister anyway because he had voted against the draft extension bill. McFarland, with the slow, easy-going manner of a smalltown judge, may, however, be a more effective opponent than the appeasers bargained for. On one occasion after pressing Nye rather hard for several minutes, McFarland drawled: "I hope the senator will forgive me if I try to get evidence that would be admissible in a court." This selection of personnel was truly remarkable because the Interstate Commerce Committee contains several well known supporters of administration foreign policy including Majority Leader Alben W. Barkley, Robert F. Wagner, Harry S. Truman of Missouri, Lister Hill of Alabama, Warren R. Austin of Vermont and H. H. Schwartz of Wyoming. None of these was picked for the five-man subcommittee.

Even more remarkable was the technique used by Wheeler, as chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, in getting the investigation started. By arrangement, Nye and Clark asked that their resolution be referred to Wheeler's committee as soon as it was introduced. Wheeler knew that there was not a ghost of a chance of getting Senate approval for the investigation in the regular course of events. So he appointed the subcommittee to investigate the question of whether or not there should be an investigation. This procedure was so devious and unusual that Willkie challenged the legality of the proceedings.

IN THE ACTUAL CONDUCT of the hearings, the Interstate Commerce movie investigation seems to have followed the example of the Dies committee. At least it is pursuing the same technique of doing a thorough smear job before giving the opposition a chance to be heard. Chairman Clark of Idaho denied Willkie an opportunity to cross-examine committee witnesses or to place his own witnesses on the stand in defense in the order he wished. Unable to function at the hearings as a counsel, Willkie has done a bang-up publicity job for the industry. He has spent a good deal of time talking to reporters at the press table, and in putting out a veritable flood of statements. He apologized to the boys for issuing so many releases, explaining that it was because he could not get in his licks at cross-examination. Fortunately, he did not follow the apologetic, we-will-be-good-in-the-future line which some observers feared the industry would take. Willkie counter-attacked with the charge that the investigation was an attempt to sabotage national defense and the administration's foreign policy. He stated repeatedly that the industry "is anti-Nazi and friendly to the cause of liberty." It is only to be regretted that this is not completely the case, and that the Nye-Clark charge of a whole-hog anti-Hitler campaign by Hollywood is considerably exaggerated.

The danger of the anti-Semitic, pro-Hitler course of the appeasement crowd as indicated in the movie investigation is plain enough. The America First movement is veering increasingly toward an out and out fascist, pro-Nazi program, toward an appeal to the most backward prejudices of some sections of the public. And the Interstate Commerce Subcommittee is the most handy instrument available for this purpose. On the other hand, the appeasers have tipped their hand. They are more vulnerable now than ever to a straightforward frontal attack by the anti-Hitler forces of the nation.

ADAM LAPIN.

Michaels

Lindbergh Speaks His Mind

THE cold, controlled voice of Charles A. Lindbergh has been raised in a Goebbels incitement to race hatred. In his America First speech at Des Moines, the snobbish Mr. Lindbergh assumed his share of leadership of the lowest, and surely most brutal elements in America—the anti-Semites. Like Coughlin, he blamed the Jews for America's anti-Nazi policy. Like Coughlin, he attributed anti-Semitism to the victims themselves, to their mythical control of press, radio, movies, and even the government. The phrases were more suave than Coughlin's but the argument was the same. So was the intention: to disrupt anti-Hitler forces through Hitler's own bloody technique of race conflict. As Adam Lapin points out in his Washington dispatch, that intention also guides Nye, Wheeler, and other isolationists who have begun *openly* to fight Adolph's battle on the American front. Their whispering campaign has become an overt drive. It is no less plain because of their pretended solicitude for the Jews themselves. Lindbergh "condemns" the persecutions in Germany; Nye and Wheeler "fear" more anti-Semitism if the Jews continue to support the war against Hitler; and all of them would save the Jews from "European" Nazism by inviting Nazism over here—at the same time warning the victims not to resist!

Hypocrisy of this kind is too well associated with *Social Justice* to fool many people. Nor will they let the Lindberghs get away with ignoring the most vital facts: that anti-Semitism is not a concern of the Jews alone but of all humankind; that Hitler has forced his racial persecutions upon the many nations of Catholics and Protestants he has already conquered; that he is now at war with the Soviet Union, where racial discrimination is punishable as a crime; and that anti-Semitism is the most outrageous expression but not the whole of fascism against which democratic peoples are struggling.

Lindbergh has given encouragement to furtive anti-Semites and Hitler emulators. He invites them into the open and offers them "respectable" leadership. America will not be secure until such leaders are exposed and silenced.

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Purely Personal

MAJOR quartered in Iraq wishes to know the Coptic for "A box of King Six 8d. Cigars please."—*Advertisement in "The New Statesman and Nation."*

"The Duke of Hamilton . . . succeeded to the title last year, when his father died at the age of seventy-eight. . . . He is the only peer who has broken his nose five times."—*"Daily Herald."*

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CABLES FROM TWO FRONTS

Claude Cockburn describes what is happening in the House of Commons. Inside and outside the Cabinet. . . . Ilya Ehrenbourg on march with Timoshenko's army. How victory is built.

London (by cable).

UNOBTRUSIVELY slipped into the London *Times* a few days ago was an admission which ought to have caused a good deal more stir here than it has. The *Times* almost casually mentioned as a fact that Hitler during the earlier part of the war against the Soviet Union had kept fifty divisions in occupied France alone, but that on becoming convinced that the British would not after all attempt an invasion, he had recently moved at least twenty of these to the Eastern Front where he badly needed them. This is the first statement of the kind in a conservative paper of this standing. It helps to explain the fact that in all classes and all strata here, anxiety is growing as to whether Britain is really doing enough to exploit the present situation to the full. It is growing despite assurances that a great deal is being done.

Not that people disbelieve the official figures of war materials being sent to the Soviet Union. They believe them. But they find them on the whole exceedingly unimpressive. It's worthwhile in this connection to look at the aftermath of the Moore-Brabazon case, because it exemplified the cross-currents and uneasiness which exist within the broad national front. The important point about the affair is that although Churchill's vigorous defense of Brabazon won a fair degree of support in the Commons and got a big ballyhoo in the newspapers, it certainly did not at all please or satisfy the men in the factories who, as I reported last week, were demanding in angry resolutions a full investigation and the resignation of the minister for aircraft production. They simply cannot understand why it should be necessary to keep in office a man who, for whatever reason and however much "misunderstood," laid himself open to charges such as those made by Jack Tanner. A man, moreover, who, right up to the eve of the war was associating publicly with such treacherous criminals as Sir Oswald Mosley and Captain Ramsay. Is Moore-Brabazon really so indispensable? Or is he only "indispensable" in the sense that to remove him might upset the political "balance of power" inside the Cabinet?

There may be good answers to these questions. But the point is that the men in the factories have not heard what they are. And it is true that even in the House of Commons the government's handling of the question did leave a good deal of uneasiness. This was principally because it seemed to indicate that on this, as on so many other issues, the prime minister is disturbingly out of touch with the feeling in the country and perhaps does not even realize himself the tremendous strength of the backing he has for a policy of "all-out" collaboration on the common front—even at really serious risk. Another example of this sort of thing is the fact that Churchill so often seems to go out of his way to indulge in cheap jibes at the Communists when he either knows or ought to know that precisely the Communists are the vital leaders of the production drive in the factories.

Within Parliament itself the Moore-Brabazon episode has served, at least, to throw into still sharper relief a situation whose main outlines were already growing clear before the four weeks' recess. It is by no means insignificant that in the last few days Lloyd George has had a long and urgent interview with the prime minister and has allowed it to be known that his subject matter was (1) the urgency of still greater aid to the USSR, and (2) the particularly thorny and delicate question of whether it is possible for one man, even so energetic a one as Churchill, to carry out effectively all the tasks for which he makes himself responsible.

IT WOULD NOT BE TRUE to say that there is as yet an organized parliamentary drive to compel the strengthening of the government. It is true to say that you will find at Westminster more people of all parties declaring that the government must be strengthened than at any time since the fall of Chamberlain. Here it is possible to discern two more or less distinct lines of approach which may yet become merged into one. On the one hand you have those who look at the thing mainly from an administrative point of view and declare, first, that the machinery of the War Cabinet is clumsy and inefficient so far as the coordination of the country's war effort is concerned; secondly, that in any case Churchill is not by temperament, inclination, or training fitted to deal effectively with the great economic issues of production on the home front. On the other hand, you have those who see this administrative weakness as, in the last analysis, the product of a more basic political weakness. They think the political composition of the government is such as to give enormously undue weight to the old-fashioned tory elements; to tend to make even Churchill in some degree a "prisoner" of the conservative central office; and to reduce the Labor members of the Cabinet—even the able ones—to rubber stamps, because whenever they are urged to take a vigorous stand on anything the reply can be made that this would "endanger national unity."

The Moore-Brabazon affair is an obvious case in point. And its consequences in the factories are, as I have said, rather serious. It is absurd for anyone to pretend that there really are not first-class men outside the government who could with enormous advantage replace quite a number of those at present inside it. I must say that it would be hard at this moment to find anyone at Westminster who sees a prospect of this being done at a very early moment. But it has to be remembered that history is moving very fast. A parliamentary situation which today looks somewhat stagnant and "bogged down" may almost overnight be given a sharp jolt.

For, of course, a basic fact to remember about the parliamentary situation here—a fact too often forgotten—is that it is not simply the prime minister or other members of the government who are out of touch with the real position in the country. This Parliament was after all elected, so far as its vast majority is concerned, to support the policies of Mr. Stanley Baldwin in the dim and distant age of 1935. That is why there is an almost daily-widening apparent gap between developments in the factories, developments within the trade unions, on the one hand, and developments—or the lack of them—in Parliament. And make no mistake about the fact that feeling in the factories and the unions is mounting. There were, as I reported, plenty of signs of it at the Edinburgh Congress. This past week, just to take one other example, saw the largest open-air meeting held in London since the outbreak of the war. It was addressed by Harry Pollitt, Communist leader, on the question of the second front, the strengthening of the government, and the need for a drastic overhauling of old-fashioned trade union attitudes toward the production question. Obviously the present situation is involving very heavy sacrifices and concessions on the part of the workers. In London alone I could name a dozen big factories and construction jobs where the problem of achieving a speedup, without at the same time being grossly swindled or "taken advantage of" by profiteering bosses, is taking on continually more acute forms. The difficulties and dangers of this sort of situation are enhanced precisely by such incidents as the Moore-Brabazon affair—or rather by the government's failure to clean up the affair in a satisfactory way; and the general failure to strengthen the government along lines desired by the mass of the working people.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

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Moscow (by cable)

TWENTY-SIX Russian towns and villages on the central front were cleared of the invader. The Germans found the Soviet villages abandoned, collective farmers had left. And now they return in the wake of the

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Red Army. Only very, very few remained. In Mogul village an eight-year-old girl emerged from a haystack as soon as she saw the first Red Army man. Looking up at him with eager eyes, she shouted "Uncle, you have returned"! In another village, Eafonino, an old man with snow white hair slowly came out of the house to greet us, crossed himself, and said in a husky voice, "Our men are back." Need I describe the pillaged homes, featherbeds torn up, mirrors broken? Near one hut some chickens crudely cut and plucked were hung up on a string. The Germans had no time to eat them. The Red Army was approaching and dinner was unavoidably postponed.

I witnessed a tank encounter fought between two columns. It was a battle between two worlds. People were defending their land from professionals trained in savagery and plunder. I saw General Yeromenko talking to the Red Army men on the way to the firing line. It was simple, courageous talk. The general told the men how in 1914 when he was a private in the Russian army, he downed eleven Germans with a bayonet. Near Smolensk sixty German tanks dashed past General Yeromenko. Now he only laughs as he relates this incident. "Later on we smashed them up." He teaches the Red Army men how to bring tanks to a standstill, how to make night raids for prisoners. He was speaking to the Red Army men collective farmers from the Poltava region: "As a lad I was a shepherd, you know," he told them. And these words of the talented commander epitomize our culture.

FORESTS are alive. They are full of army units. Everywhere I see lorries covered with rich autumn foliage. In a hut General Petrov is bending over a map. I know Petrov. I met him on other fronts. He is a daring tank commander. Liaison officers kept coming and going. Last orders were being issued. At dawn all units were to go into battle. This is huge and intricate and its motive power is the heroism of millions. Here's a food kitchen carrying hot food to the men at the front. A few days ago the kitchen was all but captured by the Germans. In the darkness the driver mistook a German soldier for our signalman. "Surrender," shouted the German. "You bet, right away," replied the driver and stepping on the gas he turned the car abruptly, ran over the Nazi, and made for his own lines. He was wounded but got his kitchen in on time.

Picturesque places these, low hills and winding rivers. Dense forests have a new kind of bird—German snipers perched on trees. The Germans use automatics in an attempt to bring down the commanders, create panic. They even brought over their hirelings, 400 Finns who are supposed to be experts at this sort of thing. But Red Army men make good hunters, and these forest birds are brought down.

SOME DAY whole volumes will be written about Soviet children. They will be fine books about happy children who only a few months ago pondered over school books and now bravely walk through the front lines and tell us about enemy airdromes and columns. The time will come when someone will write a story of a little boy, Vasya, with inkstained fingers. He helped the Soviet troops capture a German headquarters. Red Army men know what children they are protecting. These are not only children of our future. We shudder to think that the enemy destroys what we built up in twenty-three years: cities, factories, bridges. But when you look at Vasya, you smile. They will never destroy him. We created not only the material base of a new world but its soul, new people.

Our Red Army men know that war is a difficult business. They know it is no picnic. Compared with them, Hitler's "supermen" look like a bunch of spoiled children. The German motorized infantry complains, "We had to walk thirty kilometers." The German corporals are very much upset because they have to sleep in the woods in the rain. They find our September nights "too chilly," as one corporal told me. Freezing is not part of their program. When I told this hard-boiled veteran that September will eventually be followed by January and hinted at our Christmas frosts, he shuddered and then said with a broad smile, "I should worry, I'm a prisoner now." Prisoners make no secret of the fact that the Germans suffer incredible losses. And how can they hide this? One prisoner was raving for three hours, shouting: "Aviation, aviation." He couldn't get over the effect of our bombings. Others sat and grumbled: "What's aviation to do with it? It's artillery." It all depends on how you look at it. This German had been caught by our artillery hurricane. Out of fifty-two soldiers in his company, only seventeen remained alive. He asked me in surprise, "Where did you get artillery? I always thought that Russia was a purely agricultural country." So we told him about our Kuban wheat, but we didn't tell him about our artillery guns. He was still surprised that such guns came to be planted in oat fields. Of course, the people in the German headquarters aren't so naive, but they too were probably very much surprised when they saw what losses the 31st, 34th, and 78th German divisions suffered in the past few days.

Every day you read about the heroism of our men, and yet when you see these simple, modest lads you are surprised. Here is a battery commanded by Jr. Lieut. Popov. It has accounted for twenty-two Nazi tanks. Here is machine gunner Kovalenko. He brought down a Messerschmitt. Or look at phlegmatic Ukrainian Khomenko. He was sitting on the roadside eating his midday meal. Along came two German motorcyclists. Khomenko shot them down. Then he returned to his meal. "Cold! Skunks, never mind I'll shoot down Hitler himself one of these days." A German shell hit Lieutenant Klotchkov's tank and disabled the gun. So Klotchkov rammed his tank into the German machine and crushed it. Driver Petrenko found his trucks stuck and went off to fetch some spare parts. First thing he saw when he returned were the Germans, four of them, one officer and three soldiers, coming up in a car. Petrenko shot four of them with his revolver and dashed off to our lines. Everyone was congratulating him, but he kept on saying "Listen, there's our truck stranded on the road. I'll go and fetch it." And he did.

POET JOSEPH UTKIN wrote some excellent verse on the eve of the offensive. He was wounded as he advanced with the men. Eighteen-year-old collective farm girl Natasha Savulchik noticed a Red Army man lying wounded in the field. She got a horse-cart out and under a hail of machine gun fire brought him in to the Soviet ambulance station. I met hundreds of heroes, I heard hundreds of stirring stories. Yet these are only drops in the great ocean. Behind them is an immortal people, living and fighting. The ancients always depicted victory with wings. Actually victory has heavy feet. It doesn't fly. Like a fighter, it advances steadily under fire, stooping low to avoid bullets, falling and rising to go forward again, step by step. Victory is a great magnificent edifice. Now its first bricks are being laid.

Everything is covered by autumn rain. Machines tread along heavily. The Germans are not used to this sort of weather. One of them left a record of how the German soldiers fared. We picked it up in a captured trench. Three months of war against the Soviet Union have proved a sufficient ordeal to transform "heroes" of Compiegne, Narvik, Thermopylae, into meek, whimpering melancholics. Here is what the German put down in his diary: "Russians fired hard today. Their artillery, mine throwers, and accursed anti-tank guns were all in action. At dusk we returned to headquarters along the slope. A lieutenant was killed. Another larger piece of shrapnel brought down the major. A third piece of shrapnel struck the non-commissioned officer in the head. When will our turn come? We are experiencing the same thing as during the World War. If ever we return home, we shall be able to tell our fathers that we too had to lie low in muck. Yes, if ever we return!"

The first stones in the edifice of our victory—these fits of fear that grip the enemy, these endless crosses on hills, 4,000 killed Germans left on the territory we liberated, captured French tanks replacing destroyed German tanks, inexperienced flyers, exhausted divisions, forty-year-old Austrian war prisoners whose only thought is how to run away from the army, from an army which, according to plan, was to break through to Tula via Bryansk and which is now retreating before our attacks. The air of the battlefield is like mountain air. Both require strong hearts. Would-be fascist victors it turns into neurotics. But the air of the battlefield transforms our peaceful farmers who but yesterday were driving tractors, masons who built kindergartens, students and teachers, dreamers and modest workers, into warriors. That's how victory is built, in sweat and blood.

ILYA EHRENBOURG.

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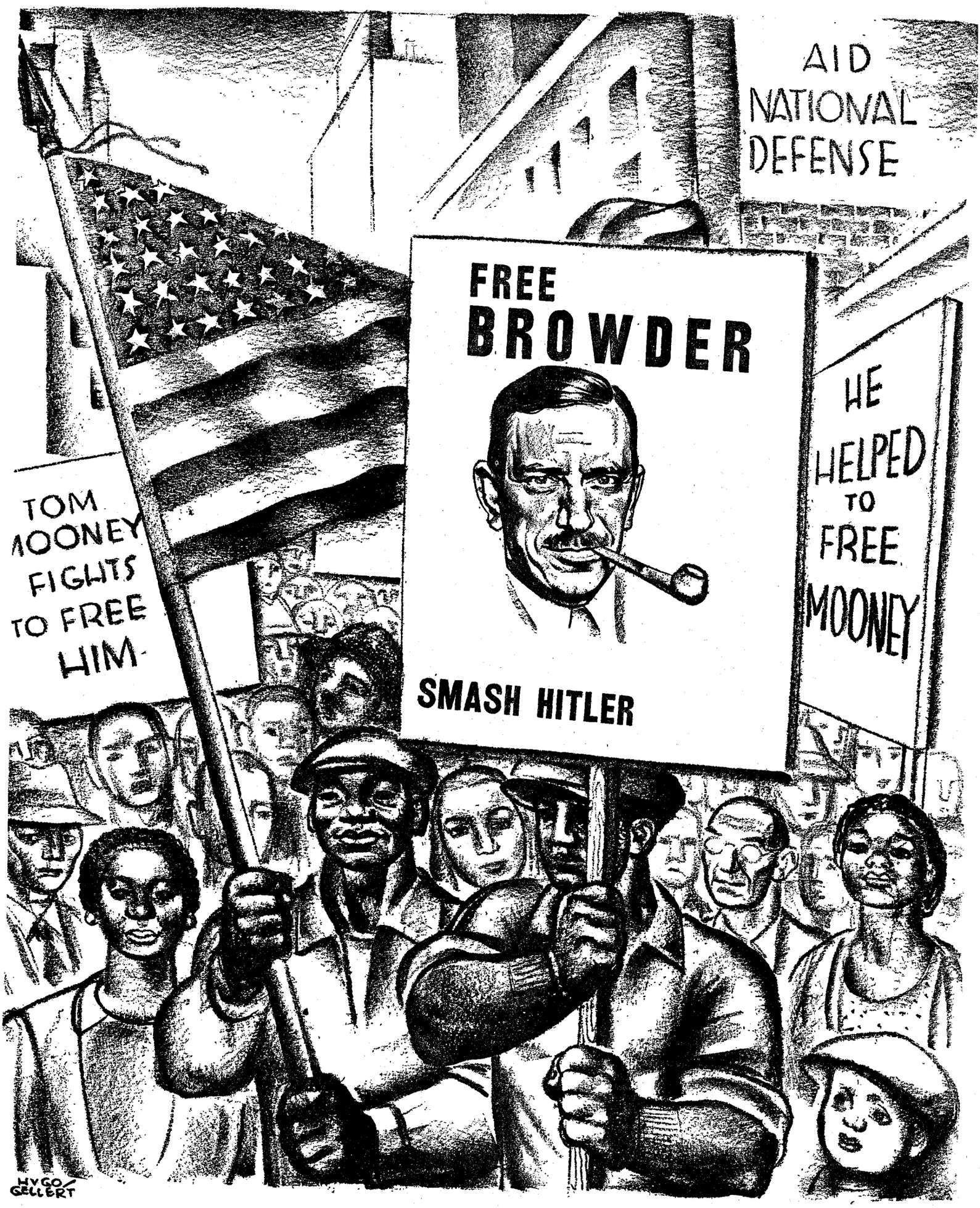

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THIS IS GABRIEL PERI

The Paris Gestapo threatens to guillotine this great French Marxist. His brilliant work as foreign editor of "L'Humanite" and as Communist Party spokesman in the Chamber of Deputies.

GABRIEL PERI was arrested in Paris on May 21.

The Gestapo captured him in the home of a friend, who was also taken "in custody."

Peri was turned over to a terrorist court which is expected to hand down a verdict of death.

The terrorist sentence was postponed one week for reasons unknown.

One of the gutter sheets in the capital, at the command of the conquerors, has cried for the guillotine, for the sight of Peri on the chopping block.

I was privileged to know Gabriel Peri. In 1937-38 he contributed regularly to NEW MASSES. Our contact was limited to letters and cables. Yet it was possible to learn something about the man. He was scrupulously reliable. He sent his cables at the last minute in order to give us the benefit of every possible detail. His style was transparently French, easy to translate. He didn't raise a fuss when he didn't get paid the magnificent sum of ten dollars or less an article.

That year of Munich I met Peri for the first time in Paris. I remember that it was something of a struggle to make the first appointment. The Chamber was sitting. The second Blum government was about to fall. Over the phone he made a thousand apologies. Somehow a meeting was arranged finally at his office in the old, musty, memory-filled building of *L'Humanite* on the rue Montmartre, a block away from the cafe where Jaures was shot in 1914. That time we talked for two or three hours. The same scene in the same place was repeated many times in the next two years.

I met him again in Geneva early in May 1938, at a session of the League Council. He was an oldtimer and gave me the benefit of his long experience with the diplomats and correspondents. One day, I believe it was May 10, he remarked that Georges Bonnet, who was present as French foreign minister, had tipped off a French correspondent that a Nazi invasion of Czechoslovakia was imminent. Peri advised me to get out of Geneva and make for Prague. I followed his advice as soon as the session ended. He returned to Paris, but a few days later we met again in the Czech capital.

The atmosphere was pre-war. On the weekend of May 20-21 the Czechs were holding their municipal elections. The Germans brought up huge concentrations of troops on the Sudeten and Austrian frontiers. The Czechs answered with a mobilization. The Nazis had to back down but they immediately resorted to new forms of pressure. To be with Peri at this time was the chance of a lifetime.

And now it is possible to know only five things about him. That he was arrested. In the home of a friend. A terrorist court. A mysterious postponement of the verdict. And the shadow of the guillotine.

WHY are the Nazis so revengeful against Peri? Early this year I was told a story which is one of those incredible things that are possible in Paris today. It was brought back here by a man who was flung into prison at the outbreak of the war and "released" to a concentration camp. His name would be an earnest of the story's authenticity.

When the French Communist Party was outlawed in September 1939, an underground organization was set in motion immediately. Despite the daily lists of arrests, the work was not too hard because such vast masses of people were thoroughly fed up with the Daladier-Bonnet government. But the position changed with the French collapse in May-June 1940. In the days shortly after, when many spirits were depressed and minds were confused, it was necessary to move with infinite patience and caution.

By September, however, France was recovering from the shock. The Nazis were trying to bomb the British Isles into the sea and failing. The secret organizations of the Communists and the Free French were taking hold of the new situation. Finally, to resist the conqueror in the open, to make a demonstration of faith in France and the future—these were sudden possibilities. An occasion was seized in Paris. October 10 was the third anniversary of the death of Paul Vaillant-Couturier.

Vaillant was a legend. He was a dozen men in one. He was a politician, a writer, an artist, an orator, a soldier, a traveler. At his death he was a member of the Central Committee of the French Communist Party, editor of *L'Humanite,* deputy mayor of Villejuif, and president of the Republican War Veterans Association. As a writer, he was remarkable in poetry, fiction, criticism, essays, and a daily editorial in *L'Humanite.* He loved to cook and eat. He was twice the size of the average Frenchman. His head was leonine. The masses worshipped him.

On Oct. 10, 1940, early in the morning, one by one, a procession began to Vaillant's grave in the Pere Lachaise cemetery where he was buried in the company of the Communards. Soon the grave was heaped with flowers. About 5,000 people were in and around the cemetery at one time. The climax came when a man at the grave delivered a short speech in Vaillant's memory. The man was Gabriel Peri, his collaborator for more than fifteen years on *L'Humanite.* In a few days the news of this first, silent, yet open demonstration of resistance in Paris whipped through the concentration camps via visitors and underground channels of information.

Peri is the only important Communist leader whom the Gestapo has been able to capture. There are a hundred left to take his place. But his name, as this report shows, had become a rallying cry. That he was taken in Paris indicates how close he was able to stay to the people. As a symbol, Peri is most precious to the Nazis—and to us.

AN INCIDENT in Czechoslovakia which I myself witnessed, gives a measure of the man. After the May 21 mobilization and the German retreat, the prestige of the Henlein movement in the Sudeten was badly shaken and its intimidation of the people was seriously undermined. The white stockings, the badge of the Sudeten Nazis, vanished from the streets. The swastika flags were removed from the houses. But the lull was short lived. At night two Nazi couriers trying to steal into Germany were shot by Czech border guards. The Henleinists decided to use the episode to revive the confidence of their wavering followers.

On May 25 a great funeral demonstration was staged by the Sudeten Nazis in the town of Eger on the German-Czech frontier. The German government, in an unprecedented step, sent the German air and military attaches in Prague as its official representatives to the demonstration. In other words, the German government was paying this unheard-of, public homage to two Czechoslovak citizens who were caught in the act of violating the laws of their own country. Prague was visibly upset. The Henleinists were encouraged to experiment with the most extreme provocation.

Peri and I laid plans to visit Eger on May 25. We obtained a car and the friendly services of Kurt, a Prague newspaperman who spoke German and Czech fluently, as well as French and English. The ride was something like three or four hours, as I remember, but we were stopped as we neared the town. The Nazis had taken over completely. A uniformed stormtrooper was directing traffic. The Czech police were invisible. Evidently the Benes government was so anxious to avoid any more incidents that it was willing to abdicate its authority. Only Kurt's powers of persuasion were able to get us through the cordon of Nazis in front of the town's market place, a cobblestoned, medieval square, which was packed with fully 25,000 people.

The demonstration was already half over before we got into the square. On a huge platform at one end sat Konrad Henlein, flanked by two German representatives in

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uniform. The coffins of the two dead Nazis were stationed in front of them. A loud speaker system amplified the voices so that the speeches could be heard for blocks around. The Nazis had been very thorough. There were delegations of women to the ages of sixty or seventy and children down to three or four. The white stockings and leather puttees and storm troop uniforms were out in full force. Scenes of this demonstration were used in the Kline-Berger-Hackenschmid film *Crisis,* and they were even more frightful in the original.

Near the end Kurt asked us whether we wanted to visit the local headquarters of the Communist Party. It was the only Party left in the entire Sudeten to challenge the Nazis. We readily agreed. It turned out that the headquarters were located on one of the side streets which led right into the market place. While the demonstration was still marching off, we made our way to the headquarters. It consisted of two small rooms, one opening on the street, the other connected with the first. Except for a picture of Klemens Gottwald, Czech Communist secretary, and Joseph Stalin, the walls were bare. Inside were about forty men, large, muscular Sudeten Germans. They had been living and eating in these cramped quarters for six weeks because they were safer together and because they wished to be ready in a body for any emergency.

Every man was suffering from the terrible strain. The Nazi speeches had been too much for them to bear. As soon as we came in, a tall blond man who acted as a spokesman turned on Kurt and began to complain bitterly. He cursed the government for its permission to the Nazis to hold the funeral demonstration and its inability or unwillingness to uphold its own authority. He hinted that the sacrifices were useless. He cursed the loud speakers which brought in the Nazi speeches. His emotions were getting out of control.

Kurt tried to soften the blow. He insisted that the situation was far from hopeless, but he could not restore the shattered nerves. Peri was sitting on a chair, listening, and asked to say a few words. For the first time the men learned who he was when Kurt introduced him. But Peri had to speak in French, which none of them understood, and it was doubtful whether he could be more successful than Kurt.

A few moments after he started to speak, a number of men moved to the back of the room and picked up iron bars. We looked around in amazement and saw outside the window a crowd of Nazis and swastika banners. They were using this street as an outlet for the demonstration, but the speeches had been so inflammatory that some of the Nazis were looking for trouble. Peri stopped short. We saw a group of the Nazis in a huddle, obviously debating whether or not they should break into the headquarters. Meanwhile, most of the men and iron bars transferred to the other room with the door to the street.

For a long minute or two the danger was stifling. Suddenly the Nazis began to move on and the men returned to the inner room. Peri continued. He must have spoken for five minutes. His voice was unshakably firm and calm. He talked about the May 21 election, which had gone against the Nazis, and the French people and the Soviet Union and the historic example of these forty Communists in Eger. It was not what he said, it was how he said it. This Frenchman was the best symbol in the world to these Sudeten Germans. When he finished, Kurt wanted to translate but he was stopped by the tall blond spokesman. It was not necessary to translate, he said. He had gotten the point. And then, he turned to Peri and said something like this:

"Dear Comrade Peri, we are sorry that you had to come here at this moment. The provocation was very great. But we should have controlled ourselves. You have just seen the danger. It has been like this for six weeks and more. But we have not weakened. I promise to you that we shall not. Go back and tell our French comrades that the Sudeten German comrades in Eger are holding fast. We want you to come back when *we* will hold a demonstration in the market place, a funeral demonstration at the death of fascism."

He spoke solemnly; his language was very dignified. We shook hands all around and parted.

All of Gabriel Peri's mature years were spent in the labor movement. He belonged to a noted Corsican family in Marseilles. His grandfather, for example, was a high naval officer. At the age of fifteen and a half in the midst of the first world war, Peri renounced the comfortable future which his background might have commanded. He joined the Young Socialists in Marseilles. By 1918 he was secretary of the organization,

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but he was already a partisan of the Third International to which he won over a majority of the Marseilles Socialists. His leadership of the Communist youth movement in Marseilles brought him to the attention of the government. In 1921, at the age of nineteen, he was sentenced to a year in prison for his activity in the Young Communist League of France.

On his release from prison, Peri was chosen as assistant secretary of the Young Communists. In a short time, at the age of twenty-one, he became the secretary. Again the government was very attentive. In January 1923 the Poincare regime carried out the occupation of the Ruhr. The French Communists immediately took their places beside the German workers. A European conference was held and a Franco-German Anti-War Council of Action was organized. On returning to Paris, the members of the council were thrown into prison. The government was especially vindictive against two, Gabriel Peri and a German Communist, Deputy of the Reichstag Hoellein.

Conditions in the prison were so terrible that Peri went on a hunger strike. On the eleventh day he was taken to the hospital in a stupor. He fought his way back to health but his organizing days were over.

In the middle twenties he joined the staff of *L'Humanite*. He stuck to this single post as long as *Humanite* was published openly. I think that 1939 was his fifteenth consecutive year on the paper. For most of those years he wrote a daily column on foreign affairs which always filled the first column of the third page. In recent years when foreign policy was decisive, Peri's contribution was unquestionably the most important thing in the paper. It was something no politician, no diplomat, no newspaperman, no intelligent reader could afford to miss. Moreover, *L'Humanite* was not an ordinary paper. It was the heart that pumped the blood into and throughout the French Communist Party. In no other party in a capitalist country since the first world war did a paper play such a dominating role.

Peri poured himself into his column. His preparation for the task was simply enormous. He managed to get to the spot of most European crises and brought back firsthand reports which were usually printed in his regular space. In 1936 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies and chosen vice president of the Chamber's Foreign Affairs Commission. By 1938 and especially in 1939, he made all the important speeches on foreign policy in the Chamber on behalf of the Communist Party. His great hate was Georges Bonnet. Day after day Peri fired short, stinging words into the pop-eyed, hook-nosed chief of the "Munichois." The difficult art of repetition was one of Peri's greatest gifts. Somehow he found ways in those days when Munichism was the single, greatest enemy to make the same, essential, basic points over and over again, to mobilize every new event toward the one chief goal, to steer a middle course between defeatism and empty optimism. He liked short sentences and simple words and preferred to stay with the events of the immediate moment.

Peri's position as a Communist leader was peculiar in one respect. His ability was respected and praised by people of every political opinion. In a country where political passions were so strong that they colored everything, this was unusual. I never met a single person in France who did not readily admit that Peri was able, incorruptible, and indispensable in keeping well informed. In my notes of 1938-39 I put down a number of passages from speeches which he delivered in the Chamber. In view of the astonishment in 1939 that Nazi Germany turned westward first instead of eastward, I would like to quote two of these passages for the record.

Peri, speaking for the Communist Party, made the following forecast in the Chamber on Oct. 4, 1938, four days after the Munich agreement:

"We do not think that this sacrifice has bought peace. Until the *diktat* of Munich, two obstacles existed in the center of Europe against the military adventures of Hitler Germany. Until then, we could say: *Germany will not carry out its plans of conquest against France* as long as thirty German divisions will be immobilized at the Czechoslovakian frontier, as long as France will have at its disposal an airdrome on the territory of a friendly nation from which it could—if, unfortunately, it should be forced—threaten the military centers and strategically vital points of the aggressor.

"We said more: *war would threaten us* if Germany could push toward the conquest of the oil in Rumania where, let us not forget, 700,000 men who speak German live, and toward the cereals of Yugoslavia where, let us not forget, 500,000 men who speak German live." [Italics not in original.]

And Peri told the Chamber on March 17, 1939, two days after Hitler's occupation of Prague:

"The danger today is more clearly than ever in the West, but you [the Daladier government] have destroyed with your own hands all that could act as a counterweight in the East.

"When I look back at the results of your diplomacy, I think of a cemetery and a devastated countryside."

How many others outside the Communist Party can claim the same insights within a few hours of those tragic days, Sept. 30, 1938, and March 15, 1939? How many others warned the West of its danger so clearly and so frequently?

This is the second time in six months that Gabriel Peri has been tried on the same charge. The first was in absentia. He was sentenced to five years in prison. After they caught him, however, it was not enough.

Why? Why did they have to try him again?

The answer is urgent. It involves nothing less than a matter of life and death for France and Europe and the world.

In his proclamation of June 22 Hitler admitted that the Soviets had tied up such enormous German forces in the East that a "radical conclusion of the war in the West, particularly as regards aircraft, could no longer be vouched for by the German High Command." The attack on the Soviet Union, therefore, was a desperate attempt to "untie" those German forces in the East in order to obtain that "radical conclusion of the war in the West."

But Hitler miscalculated. The easy victory in the East was an illusion. More and more German forces were tied up, held down, and knocked out. But Hitler only miscalculated. His forces were gigantic to start with and he had additional resources to draw on.

Hitler's great and secret reservoir of strength are the conquered countries of Europe. The list is long: Italy, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Albania, Poland, Hungary, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Rumania, Greece, Bulgaria, Finland. Some of them were beaten so quickly that the loot was tremendous. But Hitler cannot afford any longer to get along with the easy pickings, not since he was stopped at Leningrad, thrown back near Smolensk, and forced to pay dearly around Kiev and Odessa.

The German-Soviet war has forced the Nazis to speed up and go further with the "coordination" of the conquered countries into the German war machine than they originally intended or is healthy for them. This decision was a matter of necessity; the process is just beginning to grind and it will reach unheard-of proportions in the next few months. Before Nazi Germany goes down, it will try to put every possible man and machine on the continent to work for it and scrape the fields and factories of Europe as clean as a bone because it does not have the time to assimilate them.

If the Nazis were getting this huge hoard of supplies from overseas, the British and American blockade would deal with them. But inside Europe itself another kind of blockade is needed. In this *inner* blockade one Gabriel Peri is worth a few battleships in the other kind.

The inner blockade is already working. It is a fact in France, in Norway, in Croatia, in Holland and Belgium, in one degree or another in all of "occupied" Europe. Millions of humble men and women are enrolled in it, although they have to fight in formations of one or two or three. Their job is to deprive the Nazis of the supplies inside Europe as the British and American navies do on the outside.

This was Gabriel Peri's last assignment. He was a commander of the inner blockade. That is why the Nazis have announced that they intend to show him no mercy. But his work and example are deathless, and just these, which hurt the Nazis the most, they are powerless to take away from him.

THEODORE DRAPER.

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Strictly Personal

by RUTH McKENNEY

POET AND HERO

I HAVE just finished reading a remarkable book, of which I had never even heard until last week. Published in England, the book is titled *John Cornford, a Memoir.*

John Cornford, an Englishman, was killed one day after his twenty-first birthday, Dec. 28, 1936, while leading his men at the gates of Madrid. He was one of those original International Brigade members whose songs we have all heard on the records "Six Songs for Democracy."

The frontispiece of the book shows an extraordinarily handsome young man, with a lean, almost gaunt, and bony face, dark eyes squinting in a bright sun, a thick mop of curly black hair. The snapshot has been enlarged; in the right hand corner is the blurred impression of an old-fashioned airplane. Some comrade casually took this picture in Spain.

The book is a record of John Cornford's life. The first article is written by his father, a professor at Cambridge. The father's words are careful, restrained, almost stilted. At first they strike the American reader as cold, almost hostile. But suddenly the fierce pride and profound emotional attachment emerge from the laconic sentences. The father writes: "I was visiting Stowe (John Cornford's school) when he was about fifteen. We were talking about a modern book and I made some very ordinary remark. John replied with a criticism so penetrating that I had an odd feeling as if I had received a blow on the chest. I thought, this boy has a better brain than I have."

The father adds, "I had also a profound belief in the strength and fundamental rightness of his character. It seemed to be my part to stand aside and give him every opportunity to take his own line. This he would have done in any case."

This he would have done in any case!

His father, after all, wrote John Cornford's most precise epitaph. To an Englishman or to a European, John Cornford was sufficiently dazzling. To an American, the record of his brief life is stunning. Our conservative educators do not believe in developing maturity during adolescence. John Cornford reached an absolutely adult level of intellectual achievement at the age of sixteen. Perhaps, on occasion, the English-European system of education produces hot-house intellectuals; it was fortunate that John Cornford, who only lived to be twenty-one, grew up in an atmosphere where he could come of age rapidly.

During his fourteenth and fifteenth years John Cornford was interested in literature, especially poetry, and in the study of esthetics in general. His letters are filled with penetrating literary criticism and he wrote a number of very expert poems. Among the many which I liked, are these lines:

Shall the eye which saw the land in order
Be blinded by the light which fails without it?
Or will you, at the head of the pass on your alone journey
Looking back over the green land stretched out beneath you,
Where farms are lighted at evening and smoke goes up straight
Turn downwards back into that quiet valley?

I hope these lines will at least suggest what I found: John Cornford was a poet of real power and feeling. In his sixteenth year he turned from poetry to the study of economics and politics. His letters to his mother and father, during these months, show a brilliant mind hard at work. With characteristic directness, John began his study of economics with *Das Kapital.* Just before his sixteenth birthday he wrote to his mother, evidently in answer to a question she put to him, "I don't think of Communism as inevitable like measles or the war or the present economic crisis, but as necessary. It isn't an accident that would come of its own accord from outside, even if no one wanted it. But I think it's necessary. . . ." This from a boy of sixteen, who had not yet studied Lenin. Later, two or three months after his sixteenth birthday, he discusses in his letters various revisionist commentaries on Marx, discards them one by one, finding the weak spot in each Social Democrat's argument. The reader of this column must remember that John Cornford's parents were intellectual liberals, his teachers mostly just plain reactionaries. Until after his sixteenth birthday he had never met a Communist, or had a chance to read any contemporary Communist's works. He arrived at a Leninist line on modern politics through independent research.

At sixteen, John Cornford, having won the most prized scholarship offered at Cambridge but being too young to be admitted to the university, went to London to study until he could enter his chosen college. As soon as he arrived in London, he joined the Communist Party and began a passionate and furiously energetic service that ended only with his death. He was at once a humble and self-effacing Communist and a natural leader of men, who rose rapidly to direct the important student movement in England. This sounds contradictory; it was not in the least.

He recognized from his earliest days in the Marxist movement that the proletariat was the class of the future. By the age of seventeen, John Cornford had mastered the fundamentals of Communist theory and practice. He was so much a part of the international working class movement that a friend, in writing of him, says that it was "inconceivable" to imagine him in any other environment; he was blood and bone and brain a Communist, a natural leader in the Party of Marx and Lenin and Stalin.

In so brief a summary as this, it seems unnecessary to dwell over much on John Cornford's humanity. He was young. But even his emotional attachments had depth and unusual maturity. The letters he wrote from Spain to his girl were not childish or adolescent. He wrote a poem to her in Spain.

Heart of the heartless world,
Dear heart, the thought of you,
Is the pain at my side,
The shadow that chills my view.

The wind rises in the evening,
Reminds that autumn is near.
I am afraid to lose you,
I am afraid of my fear.

On the last mile to Huesca,
The last fence for our pride,
Think so kindly, dear, that I
Sense you at my side.

And if bad luck should lay my strength
Into the shallow grave
Remember all the good you can;
Don't forget my love.

During his brief life John Cornford wrote, besides many other poems, several political articles of ability and originality. He was a creative Marxist as well as a working class leader. In Spain, although without previous military experience, he proved himself sufficiently to be put in charge of the English section of the International Brigade. On his death, an Irish professional soldier of some thirty years' experience in a dozen armies said of John Cornford, "He was a lovely soldier."

The reason I write of this young Englishman is that we have all of us sworn that our comrades who died in Spain did not die in vain. It is well to pause to remember who these comrades were, and for what they fought.

I also write of John Cornford because the world needs to be reminded that the Communists first recognized the menace of fascism to everything decent in human life, and recognizing this fact sent their best sons to die that liberty might live. Their best sons.

I cannot read of John Cornford without feeling a bitter helplessness. When will we in this country strike the first blow in memory of John Cornford, born Dec. 27, 1915, Cambridge, England; died Dec. 28, 1936, Madrid?

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SIEGE OF THE CITIES

How Leningrad holds out. Colonel T. discusses the tactics of besieger and besieged. Why they couldn't take Madrid in twenty-nine months. Military topography of the USSR's great city.

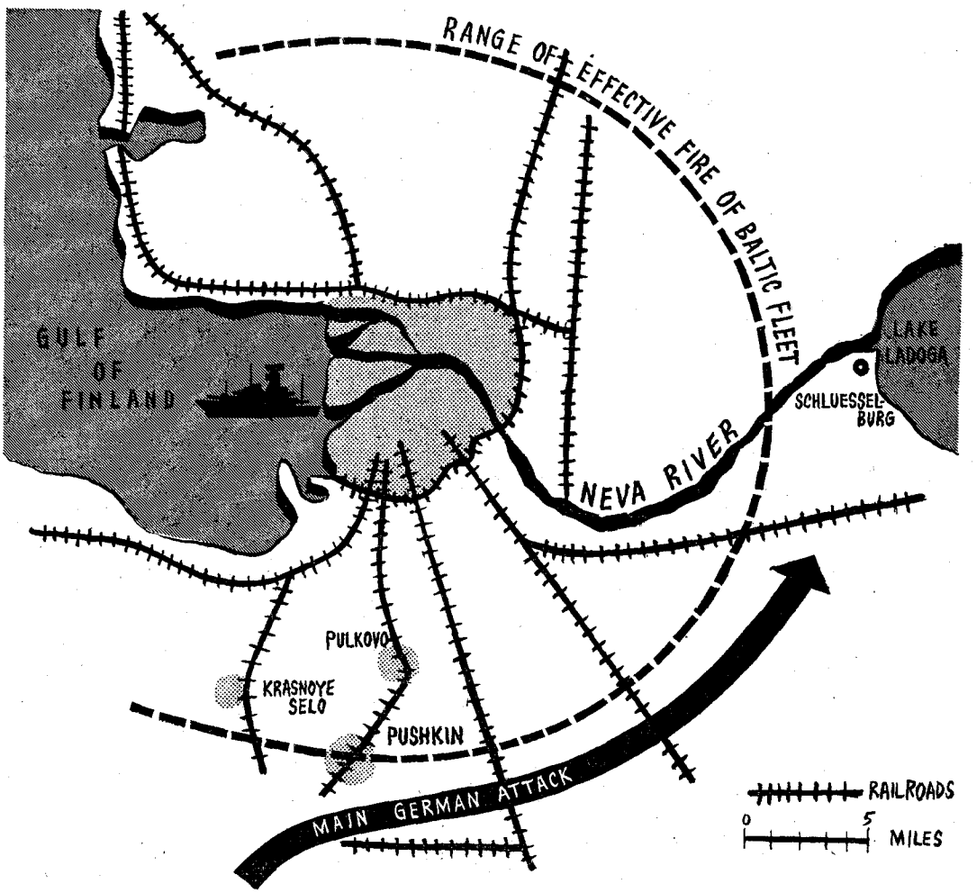
AN OLD professor of the science of fortification always used to begin his course at a noted military academy with these words: "Gentlemen, fortresses may be taken by one of the following means—siege, storm, or . . . gold."

In evaluating the chances Leningrad has to withstand the German onslaught, we can, with complete confidence, discard the third means. There is not enough gold in the world to buy the entire population of a huge city, a population which has been trained to fight, is organized for fighting, is entirely armed, and thoroughly understands what it is fighting for.

So the Germans have the two other means left: siege and storming. The word siege comes from the French *siege* which means "seat." The enemy sort of "takes a seat," "sits down" in front of a fortress and waits for it to surrender because of hunger, thirst, disease, or lack of munitions. The word storming is self-explanatory. It denotes an attempt to take a fortified place by direct and violent military action. Storming may precede a siege and may, on the other hand, climax it. An abortive storming usually results in a siege.

The ability of a center or point to withstand enemy attack—be it an attack by attrition, a siege, or an attack by annihilation, storming—depends on its fortifications, garrison, population, and supplies, including armaments, munitions, food, water, etc. The human element is of paramount importance. The French have a phrase for it. They say: *"Tant vaut l'homme, tant vaut la place."* A fortress is worth what the men defending it are worth. The history of siegecraft is full of more examples of human action than perhaps any other branch of military history. Here is one of them.

Back in 1574 Henry III of France sent one of his myrmidons, Saint Lary de Bellegarde, against the Huguenots. Bellegarde had a good army under his command and decided to make a military name for himself. He started out by bravely attacking the little town of Livron in the Dauphine which could be defended only by its civilian population. He was repulsed three times. The women of Livron developed such a contempt for the besieging army that they made a habit of emptying their garbage baskets at the breach in the city ramparts by way of insult to the noble Saint Lary de Bellegarde. Terribly annoyed, he ordered a fresh assault and it was repulsed by the women alone. After that the siege was raised and Bellegarde went elsewhere in quest of "glory." This is but a small example from hundreds of famous sieges. I selected it at random to show what the human element almost alone can do against all the other factors.



The main German drive against Leningrad is developing east of the city, as shown on the map, in an effort to sever the chief rail communications. Soviet counter-attacks to the west in the region of Krasnoye Selo and to the south are seeking to relieve this pressure and prevent encirclement. As Colonel T. points out, the fact that the Neva River passes through Leningrad makes it possible for units of the Baltic fleet to shell German positions from the heart of the city. The Nazis admit that the stubborn defense of Leningrad and its exceptionally powerful fortifications are creating great difficulties for them. The siege is proving costly in both men and materiel.

And, speaking of that element, we should examine the relation between its two parts in the case of a besieged fortress. These two parts are the *garrison* and the *population*. The example above of Livron notwithstanding, the civilian population more often than not is a handicap to the garrison. It eats, it drinks water, it gets sick, and it often becomes either panicky or despondent. Usually the commandant of a place about to be besieged tries to get rid of as many of his civilian population as possible. Such is the case only of a population which is not armed, trained, and organized. When it is, it provides defenders which may develop a spirit even superior to that of the garrison, inasmuch as the latter is normally composed of troops from all over the country while the armed citizenry are people who have immediate homes, streets, and parks to defend.

The population is a liability for the defense when it does not participate in the actual struggle. Simply sitting and taking it—be it rocks from an ancient catapult or modern air bombs—is so much harder on the spirit than fighting back. But many are the examples of the population taking part in the defense of a fortified city. There are instances when the whole population took part in it. There are, however, so far no examples of an entire population, properly trained, armed and organized, defending a large city. Leningrad is the first example.

Madrid does furnish a partial precedent. But hardly anyone would claim that the population of Madrid was properly trained, armed, and organized. Its heroism came straight from the heart, but heroism was almost all it had. And, furthermore, Madrid did not really undergo a siege, because it was not surrounded. It was really a bastion in the whole of besieged Spain, a kind of Verdun, which held

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out for twenty-nine months without the benefit of a "hero" like Petain. University City and Carabanchel flanking the Casa del Campo held back the repeated attacks of modern armies. Madrid fell, not under the impact of gold, but under that of treason—the crime for which gold always pays, although sometimes in one of its less conspicuous forms.

At this writing the Germans claim that they have made several breaches in the "ring of Leningrad defenses," and speaking of breaches and their defense, it is interesting to remember Cormontaigne's (1697-1752) imaginary "Journal of the Attack of a Fortress," in which he describes the attack up to the thirty-fifth day and then, when breaches have been properly made, finishes with the words: "It is now time to surrender." The defenders of Leningrad have obviously not read Cormontaigne, for they are saying in reply to the German claim: "It is now time to begin to fight for the breaches." Let us examine some of the problems which the Germans face in their attack on Leningrad.

The city has an almost round shape, some seven to eight miles in diameter, or a circumference of twenty-five miles. Of this, one quarter is on the Gulf of Finland (looking west), one quarter (facing north) is bordered by a dry and slightly hilly zone (the so-called Finnish suburbs), and the remaining half (facing east and south) is surrounded by swampy lands—lands which, in the immediate proximity of the city, have in the last decade been drained, built up, and improved.

The expression "outer defenses" in the case of Leningrad is very elastic, for the entire so-called Leningrad zone is studded with fortifications of both permanent and field type. This zone comprises the inverted Mannerheim Line in the north, Lake Ladoga in the east, the Rivers Volkhov and Luga in the southeast, south, and southwest; all in all a circle with a radius of about seventy-five miles, or a circumference of about 450 miles.

The enemy has doubtless broken into that great circle, quite deeply in the west, south, and southwest. He has probably reached the so-called "outskirts" or "suburbs," some fifteen or twenty miles away from the city limits which are marked by so-called gates, really triumphal arches of yore, without any walls connecting them. Here the enemy is in the thick of redoubts, pill boxes, tank traps, hidden batteries, etc. The city has a belt railroad circling in the north, east, and south, where numerous armored trains with long range artillery circulate. The sector which has no railroad (western) has the Gulf of Finland, on whose waters units of the Baltic Navy can perform the duties of the armored trains on land. This is a distinct advantage, for artillery can thus be moved literally in a few minutes from one sector to another without losing any time in taking its position, entrenching, etc.

Leningrad is a city of great buildings in the center, of small and partly wooden buildings in the old outskirts, and of great, new buildings in the new outer belt. As a fire hazard it is far from being as bad as it is sometimes made out to be for there is not much wood left in its architecture. Furthermore, Leningrad has rivers and canals (the huge Neva with its complex delta, the Moika, Fontanka, Chernaya Rechka, etc.), which bisect the city and assure it ample water-supply, both for fire-fighting and for drinking and industrial purposes. It must be said, however, that the southeastern part of the city could be made to suffer from water shortage, especially for fighting purposes.

The very existence of the Neva enables most units of the Baltic Fleet to pass through the city and to take part, with their powerful artillery, in the defense—or demolition, if necessary—of most of its quarters. The fire of the cruiser *Aurora,* anchored in the heart of the city in October 1917, sounded the death knell of the Kerensky government. The naval guns of the ships will range far beyond the city limits from its center, if necessary. From the Gulf of Finland they can cover the approaches to the city as far as Pushkin, Krasnoye Selo, and the Heights of Pulkovo (observatory and fortified point in the southwest), and up to half way to the old Soviet-Finnish border along the two railroad lines running north from Leningrad. If the fleet enters the Neva, it can throw a ring of fire all around the city to a distance of some ten miles from the city line.

It is quite natural, therefore, that the Germans should have chosen their line of attack in such a manner as to be as far as possible from the shore line. This was one of the reasons why they moved in the direction of Schlusselburg on the Neva, some twenty miles east of Leningrad.

Right in the center of Leningrad there is a huge parade ground, the Field of Mars, which is certainly being used as an airdrome. Here planes keeping up the communications of the beleaguered city (if and when) with the rest of the country can land and take off. The city itself comprises many factories and huge stores of all necessities. It can turn out both arms and ammunition. It can build armored trains and naval vessels. Finally, Leningrad has a population of some 3,000,000 men, women and children, who would rather see their magnificent city in ruins than watch a single German officer walking along the majestic quay of the Neva.

A book can be written on the tactical problems facing the Germans in their all-out attack on Leningrad. Comparatively speaking, such problems have been faced before. Sometimes with success, sometimes without it. But even from a purely military point of view, the problem of the storming of Leningrad centers mainly upon its unique defenders, who are *all* doing something for the defense of the city, who *have the wherewithal* to do it, who *know how* to do it, and who have been *organized* for years to do it.

Every soldier knows that a wrecked city is easier to defend than one that is intact. A standing building because of its very regularity tips off the attacker as to the points which present danger—doorways, windows, roofs, etc. But a heap of stones and rubbish is a terrible thing to storm. A building can be shot to pieces, but a heap of masonry cannot.

Leningrad has a population which will not hesitate to turn if necessary even the masterpieces of Rastrelli, Guarenghi, Tresini, Starov, Voronikhin, Zakharov, into a shapeless, but defendable heap of ruins. Only *if necessary,* of course. The time has certainly not yet come.

COLONEL T.

"The employer-employee relationship depends more on tact, good nature, mutual respect and good feeling than on generous wages."

—From an article on Domestic Help, N. Y. *Times Magazine, Aug. 21*

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Horns of a Japanese Dilemma

NEGOTIATIONS between the United States and Japan for some kind of settlement in the Far East have now reached a critical stage. Some sources say that the negotiations are deadlocked, or have in fact broken down; others maintain that a formal statement may be expected very soon from Washington, foreshadowing a far-reaching agreement between the two countries. One or two observers even go so far as to predict the precise terms of the agreement: Japan will break away from the Axis and pledge not to go further south than Indo-China in return for which the United States will recognize Manchukuo, extend Japan a large loan, and resume trade with the Japanese, on which they are so dependent. Stories appear with greater and greater frequency that the fate of China is involved in the negotiations; an effort is reportedly being made to settle the China war by negotiation between Wang Ching-wei's puppet regime in Nanking and the Kuomintang itself in Chungking. At any rate, China is certainly involved in the current negotiations, and Chiang Kai-shek himself in an interview last week openly warned the United States against being fooled by Japanese promises to be good. The generalissimo recalled that "both the Chinese government and the American administration have been duped by Japanese trickery" in the past.

Within Japan a very acute struggle continues between pro-Axis forces and those who wish to reach some kind of modus operandi with the Americans, usually considered to be the group around Prince Konoye, the prime minister. In recent weeks Japanese economic life has been subjected to severe government controls; latest measure is the assumption by the mikado himself of complete control over the Japanese army. This may mean that in case of an agreement with the United States, the "divine" prestige of the emperor will be brought into play to cushion the chagrin of those Army forces in Japan who wish to pursue close relations with the Axis; on the other hand, the mikado's personal intervention may mean preparations for a physical showdown with the Western powers, in case the negotiations fail. Comment on American policy in the Japanese press has become more restrained; reports of Germany's progress have become more realistic, and the Japanese public now realizes that Hitler is having a very difficult time and is far behind schedule. The sense of insecurity in Japan may be judged from the remarks of a columnist in the influential *Hochi,* who speaks of Japan's "mission in east Asia" as taking perhaps 100 or 200 years. "Japan might sometimes make detours," this columnist adds. "Like the stock market, the only proper diplomacy should start daily with new quotations."

Our own position has been stated in several editorials. If the United States can gain time to make its participation in the war against Hitler effective in the Atlantic and in Europe by eliminating the threat of a two-ocean war in the Pacific, then some kind of arrangement with Japan is worthwhile, even if such an arrangement might be only of a temporary, "tend-to-you-later" kind. But what the State Department must *not* do is come to an arrangement at the expense of China, in any shape or form; if anything, the United States has yet to demonstrate that she considers China a full-fledged, equal partner in the alliance of great nations against fascism. And what the State Department must *not* do is cringe before the Japanese, appease them further, or give them the initiative in the Far East. Any agreement must be based on our economic strength, our fixed policy of helping China regain her territorial integrity, and above all, our basic policy of assistance to Britain and the Soviet Union. If Japan realizes we mean business, then the weakness of her position is likely to force her to come to terms.

• • • —

IN ZAGREB, capital of Croatia, the central telephone exchange blew up last week; three time bombs wrecked the town post office, a German major and some thirteen others lost their lives. At The Hague, in Holland, authorities were trying some twenty alleged Communists for sabotage; in Paris, German officers move about at the risk of their lives and stabbings have become an almost daily occurrence despite the fact that the German command executes three French hostages for every German killed. All Serbia has been under martial law for several weeks with large scale guerrilla fighting going on in the hills. And from Rumania and Hungary come reports of mass arrests for sabotage of the railways . . . conspiracies, plots, assaults against Nazi and pro-Nazi rule. And then, last week, most of Norway was gripped by one of the widest anti-fascist upheavals that Europe has yet witnessed. The Nazis were forced to declare martial law around Oslo, as thousands of workingmen in the iron and shipbuilding industries went out in a spontaneous strike against the Quisling government. The Norwegian capital was surrounded by German troops; orders were issued for the confiscation of all radio sets; curfews were enforced. Two leading members of the Norwegian Trade Union Federation were shot, with hundreds more imprisoned, among them the head of Oslo University.

The volcano which is Europe today simmers, boils up, and begins to boil over. Millions of people of all faiths and political convictions have taken up the struggle against Hitler, with even greater resolution and courage now that the saga of Soviet resistance seeps down among the masses. The Nazis are no longer able to rule behind the fiction of their Quisling governments; as in Norway, they are compelled to use their own troops against the populace, exposing once and for all what a hollow and miserable farce their "new order" has become. In the face of what has been happening throughout Europe, what an opportunity this is for a British invasion! How long will the British delay? What greater proof do they need than the events in Norway to be sure that the peoples of western Europe are waiting for concrete assistance from the British Isles, the invasion of the continent that would really grip Hitler in the vise of a two-front war?

Once Again—on Finland

THE New York *Times* is still fighting the Soviet-Finnish war of two winters back, still fighting its own private war against the Soviet Union in the company of Baron Mannerheim. And the fact that Finland is Hitler's ally does not trouble the editors of this valiant newspaper at all, although they are supposed to favor fighting against Hitler and his allies wherever they may be found. In its most recent editorial, on September 16, the *Times* continues in the tradition of its own fairy tales a year and a half ago. The occasion is a speech by Vaino Tanner, the leading Finnish Social Democrat, and minister of trade at Helsinki, who is this very week visiting Berlin for discussions with the Nazi gangsters. Tanner's speech came simultaneously with the publication of a so-called White Paper, put out by the Finnish Legation in Washington, which tries to justify Finland's miserable role in what Churchill has called the "hideous" attack on the USSR. The White Paper blames it all on the Soviets and the scrupulously fair and factual editors of the *Times* do not hesitate to accept the White Paper's "secret" documents, when any fair-minded American would naturally reserve judgment, at least until the Soviet government made reply. The White Paper charges that the USSR threatened Finland's independence after the treaty of March 12, 1940. As evidence the *Times* accepts the story that on his trip to Berlin last October Molotov "frankly stated" that "Russia's intention was to liquidate Finland."

Where does this story come from? On what grounds is it accepted so gingerly? The *Times* insults its own readers by concealing the fact that *this canard happens to come from Hitler himself,* who in his "proclamation" of June 22 alleged that Molotov had made demands on Finland's independence. Without giving the Soviet Union even the benefit of the doubt, this great paragon of American journalism accepts the testimony of the beast of Berlin himself in extenuation of Finland's war.

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But what are the real intentions of the present Finnish government? The *Times* cites Tanner's speech, but does not dare to give it any analysis. As a matter of fact, quoting from the *Times* of September 15, Tanner denied that peace with the USSR was possible until "the areas" *beyond* Finland's old frontier were made "safe in the military sense." In other words, the cabal of Hitler lovers in Helsinki would not be satisfied with ending the war now, even if the Nazis would permit that. They would not be satisfied with their old frontiers, according to Tanner. They want to smash the city of Leningrad, to occupy Soviet Karelia, to gain "areas" *beyond* their original borders. These are their war aims. This is what Mannerheim meant when he announced in midsummer that the Finns were fighting for a "greater Finland." And it is because thousands of Finnish progressives protest such criminal imperialist ambitions at the expense of Soviet—and historically Russian—soil that they are now languishing in Finnish concentration camps. Such as for example, Dr. Maurice Ryoma, the prominent left Socialist whom Helsinki has just imprisoned for protesting the war.

Not every newspaper still continues this bullheaded malice toward the USSR. The *Times* carries on in the company of Hearst alone. Take the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* for example, the influential midwestern daily, which on September 7 editorializes on the "Strange Case of Finland."

"Somehow or other," says the *Post-Dispatch*, "the impression got abroad in the United States that the Russian invasion of Finland was linked with the aggressions of Hitler." But this was a false impression, the St. Louis newspaper confesses, for "it was precisely because Russia anticipated what has now come to pass that the Red Army was sent out to destroy the Mannerheim Line and to push back the Finnish boundary, which at that time was only twenty miles (within artillery distance) of Leningrad, the second most important city in Russia." The editors of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* see the realities today, even if belatedly. How long will the *Times* continue its own war with Soviet Russia, in defiance of America's friendship for the USSR, in defiance of our express policy of combating Hitler, his allies, and all his works.

Common Sense Farm Program

SECRETARY of Agriculture Wickard is calling for "the largest production in the history of American agriculture" to meet American and Allied needs. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau urges the government to sell its government-held surpluses and drop the quotas on Canadian wheat. "Unlimited production of sugar" and emphasis on more dairy products, hogs, and eggs are part of the Wickard program. The demand for these things, both here and in England, will prevent sudden, severe price declines—and the supply is sufficient to keep prices from skyrocketing to the benefit of the food trust.

A program to dispose of surpluses by making them available to the consumer is plain common sense. Its only startling feature is that it is actually to be put into operation after years of waste and deliberate underproduction in a vain effort to solve the everlasting "farm problem." Indeed, Mr. Wickard could have gone much further, calling for unlimited production of many foodstuffs besides sugar. The market, if prices are kept within reasonable limits, can absorb tremendous quantities of farm products. Of course the poor and middle farmers themselves must participate actively in the direction of such a project to make it really effective and to prevent profiteering by large landowners. The farmers have a double opportunity. They can end once and for all the supposition that abundance must result in a "surplus" paralysis. And they can demonstrate to industry that their program—meeting civilian as well as defense needs—is workable, and beneficial to the country as a whole.

Watch That Rattlesnake

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S radio address has cleared the air of many ambiguities and set this country on the path of active military collaboration with the nations fighting Hitlerism. His announcement that hereafter American warships and planes will shoot on sight any Nazi or Italian submarine or surface raider entering American defensive waters speaks the only language Hitler understands —the language of force. And the response to the speech throughout the country indicates that, despite Hitler's America Next friends, the great majority of our people are firmly behind the President.

In discussing the *Greer* incident in last week's issue, we stated that "the question as to which side fired first is entirely immaterial." President Roosevelt has now decided to recognize realities when he declares that the mere presence of a fascist submarine or raider in American waters is an act of aggression against the United States and will be treated as such. He stated the issue succinctly: "When you see a rattlesnake poised to strike, you do not wait until he has struck before you crush him." And not all the efforts of the rattlesnake's American cousins to place the blame on its intended victim can shake the simple logic of this statement. The presence of the dean of American liberal historians, Prof. Charles A. Beard, and of Kathryn Lewis, daughter of John L. Lewis, among a group of fifty-eight persons, who at the prompting of the America First Committee, condemned the President's address, does not make the activities of the America First appeasers any less illiberal, pro-fascist, anti-labor.

The fact is that instead of going too far, our government's latest anti-Hitler move falls considerably short of what the situation requires. It is not only the German submarines and raiders that menace the United States. We are threatened by every manifestation of the military might of German fascism, whether over English cities, or on the Soviet front, or in the Atlantic Ocean, or in conquered Europe or invaded Africa. If it is foolhardy to wait until German warships sink munitions bound for England, it is no less foolhardy to risk a Hitler conquest of the Soviet Union and Britain through lack of sufficient military action by the United States. This is no foreign war; this is a war against the American people, as well as the peoples of Europe. And "When you see a rattlesnake poised to strike, you do not wait until he has struck before you crush him."

In the execution of the policy of all-out aid to the nations fighting Nazism there are also hesitations which tend to weaken our national defense. President Roosevelt's failure even to mention the country which is today bearing the brunt of this fight, the Soviet Union, reflects these hesitations. The exclusion of the USSR from the benefits of the new lend-lease bill is another manifestation of the same tendency. It is to be hoped that the American delegation to the conference in Moscow will not be similarly hampered from combining the full economic resources of the three greatest powers in the world for the speedy annihilation of Hitlerism. In the words of the President's letter to Congress transmitting his second report on the lend-lease program: ". . . the ruthless war machine which now bestrides the continent of Europe can be combated only by the combined efforts of all free peoples and at all strategic points where the aggressor may strike."

The second lend-lease report should be occasion for grave alarm. It revealed that of the $7,000,000,000 appropriated by Congress, only $388,912,115 has actually been expended in the past six months. At this rate it will take about nine years to spend the full amount. While America plods along at this snail's pace, Hitler's armies strike with the power of all the arsenals and productive capacity of Europe. Clearly we are not yet pulling our weight in the world struggle against Hitlerism. Can we continue to permit dollar-a-year bungling and profiteering to act as a brake on our war effort? The front is not alone in Europe and Asia; it is here. Our country needs labor's brains, experience, and capacity for leadership to help solve the difficult problems before us. It does not need—in truth, cannot afford—labor-baiting, Red-baiting, or any attempt to put the principal burden of the defense program on the backs of the people. Our country needs, above all, unity among all men and women, of whatever class, creed, color, or political opinion, who are determined that on all fronts, in Europe, Asia, and the Americas, Hitlerism and its allies shall be fought mercilessly until they are destroyed.

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The Oil Muddle

THE Senate committee investigating the alleged oil shortage on the eastern seaboard (actually a shortage in transportation facilities) has issued a preliminary report denying that any such shortage exists. This should end the argument and clear up the shortage muddle, but unfortunately it doesn't. For the committee's report seems based entirely on the testimony of individuals upholding one side or the other rather than on an independent investigation of the situation. As such the report is merely a statement of opinion which may or may not be true. The only clear thing which emerges from all this maze of charge and counter-charge is that there has been bungling all around, including the office of Petroleum Coordinator Harold Ickes, as well as possible sabotage on the part of the oil companies.

The Senate committee's report is itself not free of ambiguity. It intimates, in fact, that a shortage may be just around the corner when it states that "With proper conservation motorists should find it possible to acquire the gasoline and oil products which they need." Proper conservation was precisely what Ickes sought to achieve through the curfew and other measures. The Senate committee, however, urges that conservation be voluntary—something Ickes tried and found ineffective. The committee contended that the only shortage is " 'a shortage' in a large surplus which is desired." On the other hand, it is very likely that a large surplus may be needed to provide for future contingencies in expanding aid to the Allies.

The chief net gain from the Senate investigation seems to be that a large number of tank cars, whose number is estimated as high as 20,000, were suddenly discovered to be lying idle, and the oil companies have agreed to put them into service. A further increase in transportation facilities through the construction of a pipeline to the Texas oil fields, a project strongly favored by the administration, struck a snag, however, when the new Supply Priorities and Allocations Board refused to grant high priorities on 480,000 to 700,000 tons of steel plate. The SPAB ruling is probably necessary in view of the limited supplies of steel plate for the more important work of building ships and railroad cars, yet once again it underscores how badly the whole problem of providing adequate oil transportation has been handled. Somehow we have a hunch that labor, if it were only called upon, could help greatly in untangling this mess.

John L. Lewis' Friends

THERE can be no mistake in gauging labor's position on the President's address last week. The men who carry the union cards talked straight: they overwhelmingly endorsed the President's "Shoot First" speech. Typical was the reaction in San Francisco, where both the CIO's Industrial Union Council and the AFL's Central Trades and Labor Council passed resolutions backing the policy of "giving Hitler the works," as one union leader put it. Untypical, therefore, is the stand of John L. Lewis. His daughter's continued membership in America First—obviously as deputy for her father—and his own statement made in common with a group of prominent appeasers several weeks ago, run counter to the will of the American workingman.

For labor today realizes that first on the agenda in the union halls, as elsewhere, is the necessity to defeat Hitler. On the outcome of this battle rests the future of progress, and hence of trade unionism. For that reason labor is working hard to achieve a front of national unity to obliterate this century's greatest menace—Hitlerism. Yet in this fight of paramount importance, labor finds Mr. Lewis on the other side of the fence. The unionists see that his position on foreign policy has brought him into association with the worst reactionaries in America: he finds himself supporting a program of which Col. Charles A. Lindbergh—anti-Semite, pro-Nazi—is the foremost spokesman.

Workingmen, particularly in the CIO, are asking: How can the man who stood in the front ranks to build an industrial trade union movement against native Hitlerism, today stand shoulder to shoulder with the appeasers of Hitlerism? They realize that everything on the domestic front hinges upon the outcome of the war against fascism, and that there can be no differentiation between the home front and the international front. One cannot stump for the appeasement of Hitlerism abroad and fight it at home.

All the more puzzled, therefore, are the workers and the friends of labor, to see Mr. Lewis cling to his America First stand. Was this not the man who, in 1935, pleaded for the establishment of industrial unionism as a necessity based upon the tragic experiences of labor in Germany and Italy?

They see irony, too, in the fact that William L. Hutcheson, czar of the Brotherhood of Carpenters, signed the statement of the Fifty-eight inspired by Gen. Robert E. Wood, national chairman of America First. It was Hutcheson who engaged in a fist fight with John L. Lewis during the Atlantic City convention in 1935, over the issue of building the CIO. And today Mr. Lewis stands at Mr. Hutcheson's side. Labor is thinking hard about these things, and drawing hard-headed conclusions.

Simon Legree, 1941

PEONAGE, in its literal form, still exists in America. Last May two Georgia slaveholders were indicted for it by a Chicago federal grand jury. These two men, William Cunningham and Hamilton McWhorter, had come to Chicago to get six of "their" Negroes who had escaped the whip and pistol butt of serfdom. Cunningham and McWhorter had planned to have the ex-peons arrested on burglary charges and returned to Georgia. Instead a grand jury indicted the Simon Legrees on the basis of information gathered by the Abolish Peonage Committee of the International Labor Defense, and they were ordered to face trial. However, they have not been tried. Cunningham, back in Georgia, discovered he had a "weak heart"—he couldn't go to Chicago for a trial. And now US District Judge Bascom Deaver of Macon, Ga., has refused to order that the two criminals be delivered to justice in Chicago. If this decision stands they will be "tried," if they are tried at all, in their home state under the friendly influence of Talmadgism. They will almost certainly be exonerated. To prevent this—and to prevent it is an elementary duty of democrats—progressive groups have assured Attorney General Biddle of their strongest support in any effort he makes to force Cunningham and McWhorter to face trial outside Georgia. The widest possible rallying of public opinion will emphasize to the attorney general the necessity for immediate action.

Champion of the Truth

THE editors of NEW MASSES have an opportunity, rarely afforded its readers, to gauge the strength, the fighting qualities, the goals, and strategies of the nation's press. Each morning the postman staggers in with his load: and the press, like armies, passes on review. It is not our purpose, in this brief editorial, to discuss all our journalistic confreres. We'll leave that for another, more auspicious occasion. We do, however, want to single out one of them for special mention: one, we feel, that measures up to the people's needs. And that's high praise. It is one paper which does tell the truth, upholding the finest tradition of American journalism. Its cables from abroad, its analyses of the complicated world scene, its coverage of the country, particularly of the life and problems of the obscure millions who produce this nation's goods, is unequalled by any other newspaper in America. This newspaper is the *Daily* and *Sunday Worker*. We have felt this way about it for a long time, but we have a special reason for talking about it today.

There are many who feel the same way we do. They feel so strongly about it that they are assemblying in New York—from all over the country—on September 28, to talk about the paper. They will discuss its progress and will chart a plan to bring it to the millions of Americans who need it, more than ever, these tremendous days. We know many NEW MASSES readers will be on hand. For they feel with us that these are times when the press can be a sword to destroy the hosts of evil run amok through the world. And we know of no stauncher champion of the truth than the *Daily Worker*.

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DISTORTING THE NEGRO'S HISTORY

The professional historians whose racial and class prejudices have misrepresented the Negro's role in American life. Sins of omission. Herbert Aptheker notes the progressive trends among younger writers.

BACK in 1877—the year of the Federal government's betrayal of the southern masses' historic effort at Reconstruction—a wealthy white woman of Troup County, Ga., bore a son whom she named Ulysses.

This scion had no ordinary mother. She was kin to the "best blood" of the South—to men like William L. Yancey and Joseph E. Brown. The latter had been the Confederate governor of Georgia, and the former such a slave-driving, rip-roaring lash-wielder that he suspected even the Secessionist orthodoxy of Jefferson Davis. Yancey had done as much as anybody in the attempt to divide the nation and to realize his class' dream of a vast slave-holding empire stretching from the Potomac to the Amazon. As a reward he was made head of the diplomatic mission which attempted to secure European recognition of the Confederacy. Later he served as an Alabama Confederate senator until his death in 1863.

The boy named Ulysses reacted to his background as one might expect. The first serious crisis of his life occurred before he reached his teens, when he discovered that his Christian name was also borne by the successful commander of Lincoln's army of liberation. The super-unreconstructed little rebel threatened to secede from the family unless his name was changed. It was—and thus did *Ulrich* Bonnell Phillips enter the world.

IN HIS EARLY WRITINGS Phillips made no pretense to objectivity. Indeed, he referred to himself as one who had "inherited southern traditions"; who gloried in the "innate kindness" of "the southern gentleman"; and he dedicated a book "to the dominant class of the South who . . . wrought more sanely and more wisely than the world yet knows." This type of class-consciousness in no way retarded his career, which included professorships at the universities of Georgia, Tulane, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Yale.

Phillips' class prejudice is demonstrated in his outspoken antipathy toward the Negro people. For him the Negro is "by racial quality submissive," suffers from "inherited inaptitude," and is best described by such adjectives as impulsive, inconstant, dilatory, negligent, obedient, contented, lazy, stupid. It is not surprising, then, that under Phillips' magic touch American Negro slavery is shown us as a delightful social system which made possible the efficient, benevolent disciplining of a child-like, innately inferior people. Indeed, Phillips sometimes found the word slavery too harsh to characterize the system he so admired; in one of his earlier books *(A History of Transportation)* he attempted to soften it with quotation marks.

Yet it is this man, whose writings so nakedly express his racial and class bias, that the "historians" hail as the outstanding authority, the "standard" source of information about American Negro slavery! Phillips' paraphernalia of scholarship, his manner of dispassionately "investigating" the moonlight and mint-julep fantasia spun by southern rulers, have been the basis for countless novels, stories, and movies, for scores of textbooks and thousands of lectures delivered to millions of students throughout the land for the past generation.

The same prejudices which have led the dominant groups in professional historical circles to glorify the bourbon rule of the old South, and to deny or misrepresent the Negro's militant struggle against bondage, have produced other important schools of writing.

For example, there has developed a mass of literature which derides and slanders the Abolitionist movement. Incredible as it may seem, that great crusade against human enslavement has been shamelessly hooted at, lied about, and denounced by present-day writers like Craven, Cotterhill, Harlow, Stryon, and Lloyd. Indeed, this school of defamers sometimes produces the nearest thing to a call for the reinstitution of slavery that has been issued in modern times by any press anywhere, not excluding Berlin and Rome. (A good example is Arthur Y. Lloyd's *The Slavery Controversy* published in 1940.)

BUT THE GREATEST SIN of the writers on Abolition is one of omission. Literature on this subject, even that with a more or less favorable viewpoint, generally fails to take even cursory notice of the Negro's truly decisive role. This is strikingly exemplified in Prof. Dwight L. Dumond's *Anti-Slavery Origins of the Civil War,* which never so much as mentions a single Negro. The same is true

Rapp

of literature concerning the epic story of Reconstruction, which James S. Allen has aptly called "The Battle for Democracy." Reconstruction was an effort by the southern masses, white and Negro—with the latter playing an important independent role—to destroy a semi-feudal, bourbon colonialism and replace it with a politically democratic, economically progressive regime. The Reconstruction governments attempted to outlaw Jim Crow and anti-Semitism, advance the rights of women, extend education, provide for universal suffrage, destroy peonage, erect great communication and industrial systems, and redistribute the land among the common people. To Ulrich Phillips all this was "atrocious," while Prof. William A. Dunning found it not only atrocious but ridiculous, since the Negro people were "an inferior race," and "a mass of barbarous freedmen." Dunning led several southern students in writing monographs embodying his ideas on regional Reconstruction efforts, and these monographs are praised by Prof. Frank L. Owsley as "systematic and objective" studies! Imagine objective studies of Reconstruction coming from Charles Ramsdell, who sees Negro "incapacity" as basic to the period! Or from J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton, to whom Reconstruction was a "crime" and who felt the Negroes were totally "lacking in political capacity and knowledge." Or J. W. Garner, who stressed the Negro's "unreliable character" and enlivened a staid dissertation with a "joke" about the Negro's alleged innate shiftlessness. Or W. L. Fleming, with his belief that the Negro "was as wax in the hands of a stronger race."

The sin of omission in the historiography of these subjects is also noticeable in every phase of the story of America. Rarely does anything faintly approaching adequate treatment of the Negro's role appear in accounts of colonial America, the Revolutionary War, Shays' Rebellion, the War of 1812, the conquest of the West, the Civil War (where the idea of Negro passivity is especially ridiculous), the Populist movement, the Spanish-American War, the history of trade unionism, and the story of the Negro's vital contributions to the sciences and arts. It is quite usual to omit the Negro altogether in a work that purports to deal with America as a whole (as in Nevins' and Commager's *The Heritage of America*). Even historical studies of the South itself often neglect any consideration of one-third of the population, as did W. J. Cash's mistitled book, *The Mind of the South.*

Why has Negro history received this type

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of treatment? To answer this we must understand the vitality of history, particularly the history of a minority people, persecuted and exploited. A people's traditions of past struggle are among its most potent weapons in present battles. Both leaders and misleaders of the masses know this and constantly appeal to it—accurately or in distorted form—for their purposes. And a sure sign of the misleaders' weakness and desperation is their desertion even of *formal* adherence to, and *avowed* admiration for, the principles of the people's historic heroes.

One can test the strength of historic traditions as an instrument of organization and struggle by trying to conceive of himself as totally unaware of them—so that Jefferson and Paine, Jackson and Lincoln, Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, Gettysburg and Antietam, Debs and Ruthenberg, Sacco and Vanzetti, conjure up absolutely nothing! This is the method by which the ruling class has attempted to immobilize the Negro people. They produced no leaders and raised no demands—that is the picture presented to the Negro, and to his white neighbor. According to this picture, nothing of value ever came out of Africa; its inhabitants ever lived as the beasts of the field. In America the Negroes were the willing, docile slaves of the Great White God, doing his bidding without question, and doing nothing else. Their "liberation" was an historical accident in which they themselves played no part. And just as up to and through the Civil War they were passive spectators and pawns, so they continued thereafter. *And so they must remain today:* that is the message of this ruling class falsification.

Nor am I reading into the works of these "historians" a purpose that does not—consciously—exist. We have overt evidence of their purpose. For the authors often make a point of drawing analogies or pointing up morals offered by the materials they manufacture. Thus, the old master Phillips, in an article entitled "The Economic Cost of Slaveholding in the Cotton Belt," published in 1905, "demonstrated" the economic wisdom of forced Negro labor by showing that the wages of hired Negroes in Georgia, at *the time he was writing,* were below those which the State demanded from contractors for the use of Negro convict labor. And Prof. Avery Craven asserts he learned a great deal about slavery by visiting a Louisiana plantation a few years back and finding that all the Negroes employed there were blissfully happy. He deduced this from the fact that none left the place. Later he "learned that debts contracted at the plantation store and a strong prejudice in the community against one man's hiring another's Negroes also played a part" in the Negroes' staying. But the professor still felt that the main reason was innate in the Negro himself and his need for control —as during slavery! (How, under this reasoning, would Professor Craven explain the migration of millions of Negroes from the South notwithstanding a thousand obstacles?)

A final example (and space limitations alone make it necessary that this be the last) occurs in Willie M. Caskey's study of *Secession and Restoration of Louisiana* which, as the publisher's blurb accurately declares, "follows the Dunning and Fleming tradition." Here we are informed that only "the insubordinate, the lazy, and the vicious" among the Negroes left their former masters' plantations in search of a better life, and this could not be permitted to continue since, of course, Negroes were needed to work the white man's land. Moreover, the writer has the gall to assert that the attempt of the Freedmen's Bureau in 1865 to get quarterly cash payments for Negro workers "could not be expected to work out satisfactorily" since "the planters were deprived of control over wages and over the time of payment"—i.e., since this might destroy peonage!

However, the picture of Negro historiography is by no means totally dismal. Militant Negroes have, of course, been keenly aware of the importance of their traditions in providing that sense of continuity, of nationality, without which their efforts along all lines of endeavor are thwarted. From the eighteenth century on, American Negroes took the fore in resurrecting and expounding their rich history. This became particularly important in the midst of the great Abolitionist movement when Negro leaders like William C. Nell, William Wells Brown, Martin Delaney, James T. Holly, James McCune Smith, and Frederick Douglass devoted a considerable portion of their time to unearthing and presenting their people's history. Publishing, literary, and reading societies were established throughout the land for the same vital purpose.

In the post-Civil War years Negro scholars have made great progress in telling their people and the world about Negro personalities and accomplishments. Leaders like George W. Williams and Booker T. Washington understood the importance of this task and lent a hand. But it is unquestionably true that Carter G. Woodson has done more than any other single man in this field. The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, founded in 1915 largely through Woodson's efforts and today more vigorous than ever, has been the greatest single organized instrument furthering this purpose. Other individuals of great importance in this field have been W. E. B. Du Bois, Max Yergan, Alain Locke, Charles Wesley, Alrutheus Taylor, Sterling Brown, Lorenzo Greene, Laurence Reddick, Luther Jackson, and Horace Bond.

Progressive white people have also shown some practical awareness of the subject's importance and their historical works likewise go back to the eighteenth century. Here too the Abolitionist movement produced valuable results, outstanding among which are the writings of A. Mott, Joshua Coffin, and Wendell Phillips. In more recent times may be mentioned the names of Arthur Schomburg, James S. Allen, Elizabeth Lawson, Henrietta Buckmaster, and Harvey Wish.

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There is, indeed, increasing evidence that the work of the pioneers, Negro and white, has begun to crack the anti-Negro—that is, anti-scientific—front of the academic edifice itself. Signs of this appeared years ago, as in 1903 when Professor Bassett of Trinity College (now Duke University) was nearly fired for suggesting that the historical treatment of the Negro needed revision. The Carnegie Foundation at Washington has published two monumental source collections (in nine volumes) on phases of Negro history, by Elizabeth Donnan and Helen Catterall, which effectively destroy the myth of Negro docility and passivity. Again, ten years ago, Frederic Bancroft (already something of a rebel within historical circles) wrote an excellent study of the domestic slave-trading business, tearing up a segment of the moonlight-and-molasses picture of Negro history—though no one but a relatively unknown Baltimore publisher would issue his work.

Even more significant are some recent actions by two exceedingly staid and proper groups. More than a year ago the American Council of Learned Societies seems to have become aware, for the first time, that while it maintained or supported groups and councils devoted to almost every conceivable type of study, it had none on the American Negro. It permitted itself to be moved to sponsor a "Conference on Negro Studies" which met at Howard University in March 1940. Excellent papers were read, stimulating discussion ensued, and the members were given to understand, or at least permitted to hope, that a Council on Negro Studies might be instituted. Though such a council has not yet materialized, the plan itself was indicative of a healthy increase in awareness of the subject's existence. Another important sign of the same phenomenon appeared at the last meeting of the American Historical Association, held in New York. Here, for the first time in the half-century of that organization's existence, a session was actually devoted to considering the history of one-tenth of the American people.

Some progress, then, has been made. Of course its pace must be greatly accelerated, its scope broadened. There still remains a woefully inadequate knowledge of the history of the Negro people. As long as this is true, as long as enemies of progress can rely upon a continued acceptance of distorted and slanderous portrayals of the Negro, the democratic efforts of the people, Negro and white, will be severely handicapped. The glorious traditions of the American Negro must become the property of every American household. Those traditions tell of dauntless men and women, of epic struggles for justice and liberty. If known to the millions, they will serve as the means for forging unbreakable unity. The realization of the people's future will be hastened if they are keenly alive to the heroic past from whence it is to spring.

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Mr. Aptheker's article is the third in the series "The Negro in American Life."

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Anti-Fascist Testament

A THOUSAND SHALL FALL, *by Hans Habe. Translated by Norbert Guterman. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.*

MR. HABE is a thirty-year-old Hungarian anti-Nazi journalist and novelist, who was living as an exile in Geneva when France declared war on Germany. With many thousands of anti-fascist foreigners, he enlisted in the French army. He survived the debacle, was captured by the Germans, and escaped to unoccupied France and America. Before the author's exile his books had been burned by the Nazis, and an attempt made upon his life. Habe had every reason to hate fascism, for not only had it attacked him personally and swallowed up his homeland, but he is a deeply religious man of fine sensibilities, who often reveals an acute sympathy for his fellow men. He could have found no better text for his personal memoir than the psalm that embodies its title: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

Habe's story—the story of a volunteer soldier in what was presumed to be one of the finest armies in Europe—begins with the end of the "phony" war, and ends shortly after the second armistice of Compiegne. In that relatively short space of time Habe, who was a sergeant in charge of a group of scouts, saw at first hand the betrayal of France.

He reports the conversations of various French officers. "It's the same men," says Lieutenant Saint-Brice, "who sabotaged our armament. Always the same. They started the Dreyfus case—and lost it. After that they were dethroned in France. Now they're taking revenge for the Dreyfus case. Now they expect to stage a triumphal comeback on German bayonets. People won't understand that. Not for a long time. Because, by accident, war was declared between Germany and France. Because our generals were not as straightforward as General Franco. He, at least, openly invited the foreigners into his country. . . . Only here the plot was much more diabolic, the whole thing was much more subtly conceived, much more treacherously carried out. . . . Here they all sail under a false banner. They make it look as though Frenchmen are fighting Germans. Never, never, I'm telling you, would France have lost the war against Germany. We would have beaten them with our medieval guns. But this was a war of Frenchmen against Frenchmen. And no one told us. . . ."

Only in this last sentence of Saint-Brice's analysis is he wrong. The French were told many times where their enemies were to be found. One of the organizations that told them was the French Communist Party. (Habe does not even mention it.) It told them that the enemy was the 200 Families; that it was the Comite des Forges; that it was Schneider-Creusot. It put the finger on

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the enemy many times and showed how the enemy could be destroyed.

You will not find these facts in Habe's account. But you will find many others which, when put together and properly analyzed, build up a damning indictment. This "most modern army in Europe" went into battle without maps; whole battalions lacked rifles and others had 1891 models. There was no transport, the men walked hundreds of kilometers to the front. Food kitchens suddenly disappeared, leaving the soldiers literally to starve. The wounded were not evacuated. There was no sign of French aviation or French anti-aircraft. Communications were completely broken down. The Germans were on every side, but no one saw them. The panic was incredible: officers deserted their men in the face of fire, and reappeared later when the fire had died down; equipment was thrown away indiscriminately or destroyed; soldiers were forced to carry their seventy pounds of equipment into battle "as discipline"; regiments took up positions, only to be ordered to retreat immediately, before any sign of the enemy was apparent; any officer who attempted to offer resistance to the Germans was immediately removed.

So vividly does Mr. Habe paint this picture of demoralization, corruption, outright betrayal, and their inevitable outcome, that it is amazing to find so many omissions of fact. Who were the "same men, always the same," who betrayed France? Habe does not say. What forces were attempting to mobilize the people for the defense of France? According to Habe there was none, except isolated courageous officers like Saint-Brice, who possessed no political understanding—merely a nationalistic patriotism. Habe then admits that the soldiers were "betrayed by their leaders, sold out by those they trusted." But after such an admission, what follows reveals not the least understanding of the people, and certainly no trust in their ultimate ability to achieve their own salvation. For he says, "No, my friend. But you don't know how people are. Brutality, in any form, provokes their envy, not their disgust. . . ."

Perhaps the semi-mystical strain in Mr. Habe accounts for his lapses of understanding—lapses that make a sum total of defeatism and intellectual aloofness from the struggles of the people of the world. Yet he gives innumerable instances of the courage of the simple people he encounters. He will imply that all Germans are brutes and suddenly there will appear a German who is far from being a brute, or even a Nazi, though in Nazi uniform. He will imply that all is lost, that the French will never rise again because they have been softened and corrupted and cannot stand up for their rights—and then you will find dozens of individual characters who demonstrate the normal human courage under stress which characterizes the people everywhere. Even prostitutes risk their lives to help Habe escape from occupied France. Peasants and workers everywhere aid him and display unbreakable courage and deter-

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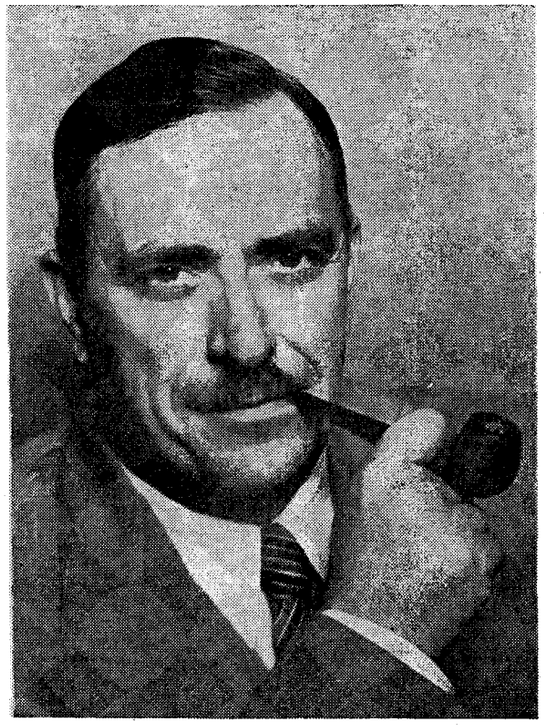

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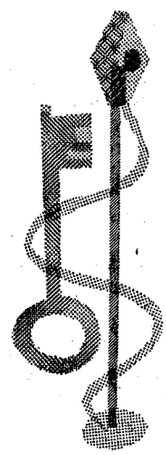
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mination. Surely he must know that where such solidarity exists there also exist the roots of liberty.

These aspects of Mr. Habe's book deserve serious criticism and reevaluation by the author himself, but the bulk of his narrative will stand the test of time as a document superbly written in the main, and demonstrating in its multiplicity of finely described incident, the reasons for the fall of France and the augury of its imminent rise. Even now the echoes of rebellion cross the wide Atlantic. They should cheer Mr. Habe, as they cheer every fighter against the fascist plague.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Brief Reviews

SHARECROPPERS ALL, *by Arthur F. Raper and Ira De A. Reid. University of North Carolina Press. $3.*

This is a well written, if hardly definitive, socio-economic survey of the present day South. It will serve chiefly as a good glimpse into the institutional features of the plantation system, the terrible oppression of the Negro, and the deprivations suffered by the vast majority of other southern citizens. Particular attention is focused upon the South's economically dependent character, manifested by a lack of indigenous fluid capital and the prevalence of absentee ownership and control. At one point the South is referred to as a colonial area, a serious misuse of terms. However, the authors do not, in the manner of southern agrarians and bourbon apologists, blame "Yankee" oppression for the South's ills. On the contrary, they recognize the homegrown causes of the region's decay, and realize that its rebirth and liberation largely depend upon the unity and militancy of its Negro and white masses.

The book captures, too, something of the spirit of the South's developing progressivism that evokes hysteria from men like Talmadge, Reynolds, Cox, and Dies.

Due to a certain superficiality, however, the book must be considered merely to have outlined its subject, and the reader is referred for further information to such studies as James S. Allen's *The Negro Question in the United States,* Anna Rochester's *Why Farmers Are Poor,* Katharine DuPre Lumpkin's *The South in Progress,* H. W. Odum's *Southern Regions,* and the National Emergency Council's Report to the President on *Economic Conditions of the South.*

SO IT DOESN'T WHISTLE, *by Robert Paul Smith. Harcourt Brace & Co. $2.50.*

This is the history of a couple of good characters, of Dutch and Pete and Shorty and Connie and Carlotta, and Walt who tells the story of their friendship. How they met and liked each other and it was swell. What good guys they were because they drank the same drinks and knew the best bars in town, the best steak joints, the best music from Bach to Bix, the good books, the really good books if you know what I mean, and only the right guys know because the others are jerks and it's the best for the best what I mean. And then a couple of jerks do come along and spoil the fun. Then the bunch is back again and they break up again, marriage and death and love and life and the end of a beautiful friendship because they were all regular guys and those days are gone forever but while the going was good it was good.

It's a smooth style, writing without frills and about frails and four-letter-you-know-what and a fast, friendly crowd but solid and simple with some hot licks; you know what I mean and a couple of solid senders like Hemingway, Fitzgerald, O'Hara in the band.

THE UNTAMED BALKANS, *by Frederick W. L. Kovacs. Modern Age Books. $2.*

Here is one of the best examples of how a very complex sector of world politics, in this case the turbulent Balkans, can be presented to the lay reader in popular form. In a brief volume of some 250 smallish pages, Mr. Kovacs hops off to a fast-moving description of the most recent events, the uprising of the Yugoslav people against the impending Nazi invasion last March, and the heroic struggle of the Greeks in the face of overwhelming odds. He then characterizes eacl Balkan country separately, devotes a good chapter to German policy, and manages to balance the facts and dates and names with excellent journalese and local lore. The problem in the Balkans today is both agricultural and national, and the author does not shy away from the great influence which the Soviet Union commands because it has shown how both the peasant and the national problem can be solved. All in all, this is an intelligent piece of political description, which is thoroughly popular without ever becoming vulgar.

THE SHAKER ADVENTURE, *by Marguerite F. Melcher. Princeton University Press. $3.*

One of the hardiest of those utopian experiments in collective living which form an integral part of America's traditions, was that of the Shakers. Into a nation where private ownership of the means of production was held inviolable, where the Negro people were savagely oppressed, came the Shakers, who condemned profit-making, slavery, and Jim Crow as wicked, and considered communal property ownership the will of God. They not only came, but remained. Nineteen communities of such folk have existed in this country since the first was established in 1787 in Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. At their height they included about 5,000 members, Negro and white, in settlements located in eight states. Five settlements still exist in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York. Miss Melcher's definitive history of these admirable people is a distinct contribution to our understanding of the myriad aspects of America's past.

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"THE WOOKEY"

The season's first anti-Nazi play. Oversimplified writing, it nevertheless catches the fighting spirit of Britain's working people. Edmund Gwenn's fine performance.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN'S play *The Wookey* is the first anti-Nazi drama of the new season. Stemming from the cabled reports of Britain under the Nazi bombs, it gives us what is commonly called "a slice of life"—a graphic, if somewhat oversimplified picture of recognizable human types operating under the stress of wartime siege. Mr. Brennan is no genius of the stage, and his present effort suffers from hackneyed dramatic carpentry, from stereotyped characters and stereotyped situations, but the whole thing carries the overtones of anti-Nazi conviction that will merge with the widespread anti-fascist sentiments of the people.

"The" Wookey is Horace Wookey, barge captain on the Thames. He is the model of British "respectability"; he is the paterfamilias and the benevolent tyrant on the hearth. His family fears and adores him; he loves and tyrannizes over them. His worn, working class wife contends that The Wookey can do no wrong. Her devotion to him is the devotion of a servant—scarcely of a wife who is the equal of her mate in dignity and human value. As war breaks over the British empire, The Wookey, who fought four years in the last world war, will have none of it. "I advised the government five years ago," he says, "how they should stop this bastard Hitler, but they wouldn't take my advice. They let him get strong enough to bop us."

Although he is a type specimen of the lower middle class, with the middle class individualism and egotistic bent, The Wookey nevertheless possesses a healthy distrust for the ruling circles of his country. He has nothing but contempt for the brass hats and the Munich politicians who rule the empire. He is the epitome of the British citizen who, when angry, sits down and writes a letter to the London *Times*. (Only Mr. Wookey writes to the prime minister himself.) Comes the Battle of France and the defeat of the British army in the lowlands. Comes a call for boats to evacuate the BEF from Dunkerque. Mr. Wookey will have nothing of it, although "I approve of the withdrawal, as a military man." He is called a coward by his neighbors and even by his own daughter, who has become shell-shocked long before the Nazi bombers lay waste to London. And it is not until he learns that his wife's brother-in-law has been trapped in the rout at Dunkerque that he will consent to aid in the evacuation of the British army. He does it for personal reasons, but his brother-in-law has already been killed.

The evacuation teaches The Wookey another lesson, which occasions another letter—this time to Winston Churchill. Mr. Wookey has been *charged* for oil and gasoline he used to help evacuate the army across the Channel! He is furious. He is furious also, because the Army High Command refuses to dig deep shelters for the people, or to place adequate anti-aircraft protection on the Thames dockside. He has been elected spokesman for the dockers. This in itself is a curious business, for Mr. Wookey is a small proprietor, and the working men of the London docks are represented in this play only by a handful of characters who are The Wookey's slavish subordinates. One wonders what the dockmen's union is doing.

But then come the black days of September 1940, and Mr. Wookey's humble home is leveled by the Stukas; his humble wife is killed in the bombing. Now The Wookey—again for reasons purely personal—is *really* furious. This time he will show them; he'll fight. He reprimands his young son for criticizing the government. "I want to see a change in your attitude toward the British government," he says. For the government has sent an emissary to The Wookey, in the well-tailored Colonel Glenn. "I've given my word of honor," The Wookey tells this swagger-stick officer, "that the war will be run proper in this district." He again berates the government for the lack of deep shelters for the dockside, for the absence of the anti-aircraft guns the Army had promised. The colonel explains it all. "Jerry is trying to blast the RAF airports out of existence," he says. "We need those guns worse at the airports." "Why didn't you say so in the first place?" says The Wookey, and all is forgiven. He evacuates the remnants of his family, and mounts the cellar steps (all that remains of his house) with a heavy machine gun in his arms, as the German radio in Paris roars that the Nazis will conquer the world, and the dive bombers are howling overhead.

This incomplete understanding of the issues of the war and the people of Great Britain permeates Mr. Brennan's play. And despite the actable quality of many of the scenes and characters, despite the celebrated $15,000 in sound effects supplied by MGM, *The Wookey* rarely rises from its static reproduction of the scene, to anything that could be called real drama—either human or theatrical. Jo Mielziner's magnificent sets give it what atmosphere it possesses, and Edmund Gwenn, in the name part, supplies what cohesion the script has.

Mr. Gwenn's performance is finely understood and fondly executed. He is the "Old Bill" of this new world war. He is the embodiment of the British people's determination in the face of apparently insuperable odds. His performance has strength and dignity, as well as the nuances a fine performer knows how to contribute. Ably assisted by the supporting cast, he supplies what verisimilitude the drama attains. As his wife Norah Howard is exactly right. As his sister-in-law, the strip tease artist become canteen worker, Carol Goodner plays with warmth and great intelligence. Heather Angel is a convincingly shell-shocked daughter, and Horace McNally is her convincingly bitter Irish suitor.

Typical of the bad carpentry and meretricious hokum that inform what might have been a drama with deep roots in the people, is the handling of this minor role. The Irish suitor, patriot and worker, hates the British brass hats with even more vindictiveness than The Wookey himself. You can see Mr. Brennan's mind working on this character. He obviously felt it would be a good idea to have an antagonistic Irishman in the play, who would reach the same conversion point that Mr. Wookey achieves, for the same reasons, and at the same time. Certainly it is true that the Irish people will eventually understand the nature of the stake they have in this struggle, but the mechanical Irishman of Mr. Brennan's play will not help them understand. He is strictly corn fed.

His conversion is on a par with the conversion of The Wookey—oversimplified, personal, misunderstood, superficial. It is this general superficiality (as well as a more specific incompetence in dramaturgy) that mars Mr. Brennan's well-intentioned play. But he has mounted a drama that can be supported by all those who want to see Hitler defeated. It is a generally entertaining play. And over and above this, he has reflected the salty humor, the vigorous intelligence, and the unconquerable spirit of the people, fighting the world over against human slavery.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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Soviet Power

Three films illustrating the Dean of Canterbury's book. . . . Other movies.

THE larger meaning of the words "Soviet Power" is made clear in the films now showing at New York's Central Theater. The three documentaries, illustrating texts from the Dean of Canterbury's great book, portray the very essence of Soviet strength, the forces from which the fighting front takes its courage, its resourcefulness, its reason and will to conquer.

In themselves the films have little to do with war. *Citizens of Tomorrow* presents the Soviet educational system from the creche to the student's final examinations before he makes his choice of a vocation. *The Soviet Woman* shows women, freed from household drudgery or enforced idleness, engaged in socially productive and creative work. *Armenia, Land of Joy* portrays the tremendous economic and national-cultural development of a people who, only twenty-five years ago, formed a minor agricultural colony of the czar's empire.

How fortunate are Soviet children! You see them acquiring, almost from infancy, the rhythmic coordination which builds physical vigor. On their first day at school they are led into all classrooms, so that they will have an impression of the multitude of things which await their study. The city child is taken to far country where he climbs mountains and discovers desert animals. He plays, not with meaningless toys, but with models of machines he will run some day. Even the game of "war" is no cops and robbers affair, but a carefully organized matter, down to the medical aid which the wounded "fighter" grinningly receives from two pretty little girls.

Soviet women, whether working in factories or flying planes, are full of sure authority. Here women are *people* at last, unstrained by the feeling that they are unique because they learn and work like their fellow men.

See the Armenian bride and bridegroom receiving the gifts of their comrades of the collective farm—watches, radios, books, horses. See their friends perform the old tribal dances to honor them. And then note well that these people, who have been enabled to regain and guard so carefully the treasures of their ancient culture, can run the most complex machines, grow fruit which Californians may envy, build the famous dams, and know better than millions outside their lands what the modern world is about. These are the sources of Soviet power, these are the bones and life blood of the living symbol of human greatness, the Red Army.

For good measure two newsreel shorts are presented, showing the Soviet army in combat against the Nazis, as well as civilian mobilization and the arming of guerrilla fighters. One of these was edited in England. It is thrilling to realize that this was the film which the English people cheered and which played so important a part in what the *New Yorker's*

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London correspondent, Mollie Panter-Downes, called the "English discovery of Russia."

Here are the men and women you have read about so often—the hundreds of thousands of city workers who pour out to the hills and fields every evening to construct forts and tank traps, the wounded airman climbing back into his plane for a reconnaissance flight, and the groups of farmers handling revolvers in the casual but precise way people have when they know how to use them. This is visible power, the arm strong with the bounty of a worker's government, whose blows the invader will feel until he no longer feels anything at all.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

★

"BADLANDS OF DAKOTA" is a road-show version of *The Plainsman*. Addison Richards does a walk-on as General Custer; Richard Dix stands around as Wild Bill Hickok; Frances Farmer, as Calamity Jane, loves and finally shoots Bob Holliday (Brod Crawford) because he turned bandit when his kid brother (Robert Stack) married Bob's girl (Ann Rutherford). That's the story, with a little "wild-west Indian" stuff worked in.

Brod Crawford plays his choke-voiced, two-fisted stencil, Frances Farmer pops in, miscast but beautiful, Hugh Herbert appears briefly as a bartender and local "Fire Chief" that is funnier than Ed Wynn's and Eddie Cantor's. Ann Rutherford is the standard sweet-young-thing-from-the-East who at one point bursts into an impassioned speech that it isn't the "leaders" who build a country, it's "the people who plant things, build homes, open schools—they make a country!" An acute observation but completely irrelevant to the picture.

EVER SEE an actionless action picture? Don't start now by going to *I'll Sell My Life*. It's all about an $18,000 offer made by a mystery writer for the life of a strange girl—presumably to secure material for his next book; actually to secure a perjured confession to a murder that his sweetheart committed. The screen writers (three of them) obviously operated on the principle that if an audience accepts the premise that authors pay more than twenty-five dollars for plots, it will swallow anything.

All the action takes place offstage and what is exposed to the eyes and ears are pauses pregnant with boredom, and lines like "Won't you . . . sit down?" and "Why don't you go home and forget it?" "I'll go home—but I won't forget it!" Silly fellow, he might have tried. *I* managed it.

PARAMOUNT'S *West Point Widow*, at the Criterion, is just another one of those things. The title is misleading: the villain of the piece is a cadet who doesn't appear until the closing reel, which is just as well; the military background is merely incidental. Anne Shirley is a nurse who, after a hasty marriage, agrees to

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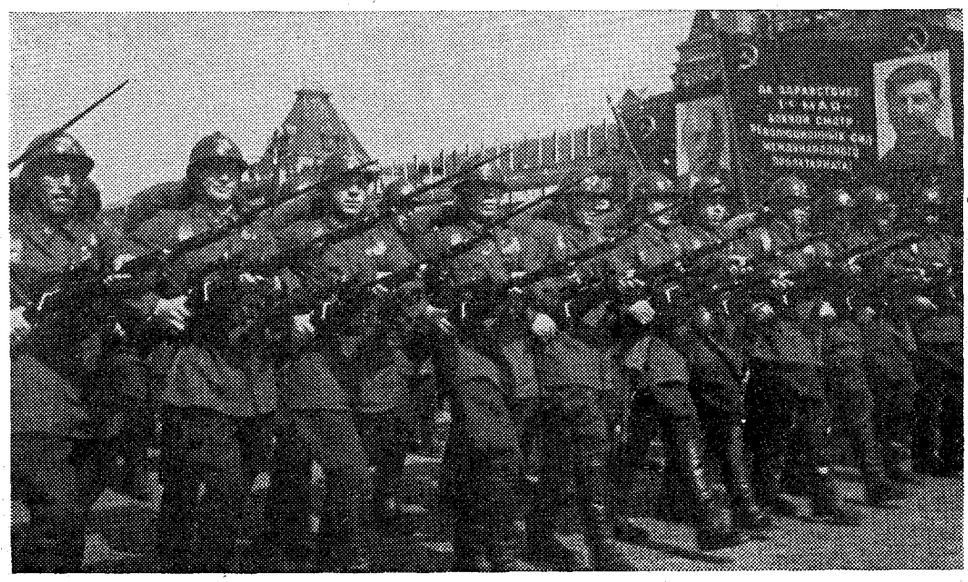

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MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by Si Gerson, Daily Worker staff writer, Sun., Sept. 21, 8:30 PM. Workers School, 50 E. 13 Street. Admission 25 cents.

an annulment so that her soldier may continue his career at the military academy. In the course of duty Nurse Shirley has an interne fall in love with her. There is of course a baby involved, which the cadet father knows nothing about. When I say that it all ends happily, am I telling you anything?

GEORGE FLORY.

"Southern Exposure"

Joshua White's new record album is a social document.

IN AN album of three records (Keynote No. 107; introductory notes by Richard Wright) Joshua White has catalogued the Negro's injustices and sufferings in tunes that stab you with their poignancy. When White sings . . . *Lord, I work all the week in the blazing sun* . . . he calls it "Southern Exposure" from which the album takes its name. In "Defense Factory Blues" he tells you . . . *brother, it sure don' make no sense . . . when a Negro can't work in the national defense.* . . . This is 1941, and out of his experience, the Negro announces . . . *The boss-man ain't my friend. If he was he'd give me some democracy to defend. . . .*

Here is no whining plea; here is a quiet declaration (tinged with irony) of the way things are. There's a nobility in the statement, and a knowingness. White sings in a voice that is sweet and deceptively peaceful. You could mistake the tune of "Defense Factory Blues" for a love ballad (so wistful is his plaint), if White didn't make you aware of the mockery implicit in it when he plucks out hot boogie woogie in the guitar interludes; but there is no mistaking his intentions in "Jim Crow Train"—an impressionistic piece that brings that train to life, not through his virtuoso guitar strumming but through his cry to . . . *Stop Jim Crow so I can ride this train!* . . . When the sound of the train dies away and White says . . . *Damn Jim Crow!* . . . you hate the iron beast.

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